It Seems to Heywood Broun

The Nation

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The Press Today

II. The Associated Press

by Oswald Garrison Villard

Ruth McCormick Smashes Through

by Frederic Babcock

The Turning Financial Worm

by J. G. Curtis

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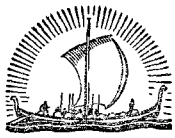

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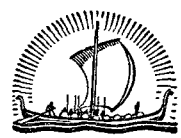

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THE BUDGET SPEECH of the Chancellor of the Exchequer brought to the British taxpayer the unwelcome, though not wholly unexpected, news of an increase in the normal rate of income tax, together with an increase in the surtax rate, a raising of the death duties from 40 to 50 per cent on estates exceeding £2,000,000, and an additional tax on the brewing industry, all the new taxes together being calculated to bring in some £42,000,000. As Mr. Churchill bequeathed his successor a deficit and made unsatisfactory provision for the sinking fund to boot, and as the present Cabinet has increased expenditures, Mr. Snowden had a hard task, and he has performed it with characteristic British courage. He announces that the Government is planning a valuation bill to serve as a basis of taxation of land values, a reform generations overdue. He states that the safeguarding duties will be allowed to lapse as they expire, and while expressing regret that the present financial situation does not permit him to wipe out the McKenna duties now, declares that the Government will keep its pledges regarding them. Philip Snowden may be depended on to keep faith.

PRESIDENT HOOVER and Secretary Stimson have both expressed their lively satisfaction with the results of the London conference. In doing so the President gives the tonnage basis of the parity agreement for the British and American fleets. We set down his figures, and beside them the figures of our present fleet, reported by the Navy Department as of July 29, 1929:

	Treaty basis	*Present navy*
Capital ships	460,000	525,850
Cruisers	339,000	305,000
Aircraft carriers	135,000	92,500
Destroyers	150,000	337,996
Submarines	52,700	81,807

A few points deserve notice: Battleships are obsolete, and there are to be no replacements for six years. Our actual cruiser tonnage afloat last July was 75,000 tons, the figure given above including cruisers building as well as the additional fifteen only authorized. The treaty figures would mean an addition of nearly half to our present tonnage in aircraft carriers. As for the last two categories, both Great Britain and the United States wanted to abolish the submarine entirely. We are glad that the President finds the figures satisfactory.

THE PROTEST AGAINST JUDGE PARKER has become so formidable that Republican leaders in the Senate have waited on the President and warned him of the party danger involved. It is a fitting judgment on Mr. Hoover for making a purely political appointment of this sort to the Supreme Court. The strength of the Negro opposition, based on Judge Parker's anti-Negro utterances, is notable, and the fear that it inspires in Republican breasts is encouraging. Labor objection, due, of course, to Judge Parker's action in upholding so-called "yellow-dog" contracts, under which workers pledge themselves not to join a union, has disturbed the President so much that he has found it necessary to issue a public defense of his candidate. Opposition is strong in the Senate and in the Judiciary Committee itself and the committee report has been deferred a week. Altogether, it begins to look as though the North Carolina politician might be taken for quite a ride before he is firmly seated on the Supreme Bench. Perhaps after a few more tries President Hoover may come to consider the desirability of nominating to the Supreme Court a genuinely intelligent and liberal jurist.

THE FLATHEAD POWER LEASE, which we discussed two weeks ago, is still pending as we write, but is likely to be awarded at any moment unless the strong hand of Congress intervenes. The record in the case is clear, and each step in the affair makes the position of the responsible government officials worse. Assistant Commissioner Scattergood at the November hearings demonstrated that the minimum Indian rental should be $319,000 a year. By basing the rental on the earnings of the dummy Rocky Mountain Power Company, which will sell cheap to its owner, the Montana, this figure has now been juggled down to $104,000, and there are reports that it may go even lower, despite heated Indian protests. Senator Frazier deserves public thanks for exposing the fraud on the floor of the Senate and making a gallant fight for the Indians. Senatorial

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courtesy ought no longer to prevent the introduction and passage by the Senate of the Kvale resolution to refer the whole sorry business to a reorganized Federal Power Commission, particularly now that the Couzens resolution for such reorganization has been reported. If the lease is now jammed through, President Hoover, Secretary Wilbur, and Commissioners Rhoads and Scattergood are going to find themselves in a most unenviable position in the eyes of informed men.

THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT must choose between two immediate unknowns in India. It must decide whether Gandhi at liberty is more dangerous than Gandhi in jail. At first, apparently, the Viceroy thought that the campaign of non-violent civil disobedience would die of anemia if it were met by non-violence. But the campaign has been increasing in volume. Jawarhalal Nehru, president of the Indian National Congress, has been sentenced to six months' imprisonment for violating the salt law; the Mayor of Calcutta has been sentenced to six months on charges of sedition. The Gujarat district—the region in Bombay province in which both Ahmedabad and Dandi are located—is thoroughly roused. In the city of Bombay, to the south, several hundred thousand followers of Gandhi demonstrated against the salt tax, and the salt law is being flouted as it is in most of the large cities of British India. Meanwhile the boycott of foreign and especially British cloth is gaining adherents, while according to a New York *Times* dispatch the boycott of police and government officials in the Gujarat district referred to above is so complete that the authorities have been compelled to establish a store of their own to provide food and other commodities for themselves. So far there have been remarkably few arrests and practically no violence in the civil-disobedience campaign, though there have been several clashes between police and striking workmen in various parts of India. Whatever the government decides about Gandhi, however, and whether the present campaign fails or not, the events now taking place make it seem impossible that the relationship of India to Great Britain can be again what it has been in the past. India's demand for self-government can no longer be answered either by a recital of the good works of the British raj or by reiteration of the opinion that Indians are not fit to rule themselves.

AFTER A CLOSE SQUEAK things seem to be past the immediate crisis in Haiti. The central question was whether or not President Borno's Council of State on April 14 would ratify the choice of M. Eugène Roy, the candidate agreed on for temporary President by the various political groups and the Hoover commission. The intrigues of Borno and his followers brought matters to such a pitch that there was imminent danger of an outbreak, and it became necessary for the American Department of State to take strong ground in sustaining the commission. According to a United Press dispatch, President Borno on April 13 accordingly adjourned the Council of State, officially declaring such adjournment "indispensable to the public peace." This action leaves the legal situation somewhat mixed, but the State Department has warned President Borno that no one but Roy will be recognized as temporary President, and President Hoover gives evidence of a commendable determination to carry out the recommendations of the commission. So long as this policy is adhered to and the Haitians feel assured of American good faith, immediate difficulties can be overcome.

ALL HONOR to the Supreme Court of Minnesota, which has actually had the gumption to declare a veteran-preference law invalid. To be sure, it was a flagrant case, and it touched the monopolistic spirit of the lawyers' guild, for it was a measure admitting to the bar without examination any veteran whose disability under the World War Veterans Act was rated as at least 10 per cent at the time of the passage of the Minnesota law. Even so, it is refreshing to hear the court, after asserting the familiar legal principle that the basis of any legal classification must be germane to the subject matter, say flatly:

> We are unable to conceive how the fact that the applicant has served in the World War and has been disabled therein to an extent rated under a federal statute as at least 10 per cent at the time of the passage of this act has any tendency to show that he possesses the qualifications necessary to fit him to practice law.

If other courts had the nerve to apply the same principle in other cases, most of the veteran-preference acts that at present serve to prevent the best men from being selected for various lines of public service would disappear from our statute books.

RESPECT FOR LAW has been so much touted ever since Mr. Hoover solemnly called for the observance of all the laws in sight that important steps in the great campaign ought not to be overlooked. The New York courts, as usual, have been doing their bit, while in one of the most notorious cases the House of Representatives has graciously helped out. Federal Judge Grover M. Moscowitz of the Eastern District of New York, whose gross misconduct in office has been under investigation by the Judiciary Committee of the House for about a year, has just been censured by the House for "unethical and dangerous" conduct "threatening the destruction of the confidence of the bar and the community in the court and calculated to bring it into discredit," but the honorable judge, it is reported, intends to stick to his job. Chief Magistrate William McAdoo of the New York City courts has also been censured by the City Bar Association for depriving William Z. Foster and other Communists of their constitutional rights and "abusing his powers without justification" in refusing to admit them to bail, but the Chief Magistrate's retirement to private life has not yet been announced. We daresay that technicalities by the yard are on the side of the New York court which on April 11 ruled out summarily pretty much everything that counsel had to offer in defense of Mr. Foster and others for their conduct in the Union Square demonstration on March 6, and then allowed the great and only Police Commissioner Grover Whalen to hold forth for an hour and five minutes, but to the average man the proceedings of the court smell to heaven.

ON APRIL 6 Inspector Piaggio, of the United States Immigration Service, strode on the stage at an anti-Fascist meeting in Cooper Union, in New York, and attempted to arrest Armando Borghi, Italian anarchist, wanted

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for deportation. A small riot ensued, in which Borghi escaped and a policeman shot and killed Carlo Mazzolo, an American citizen and a war veteran. Inspector Piaggio could scarcely have done worse if he had deliberately undertaken to incite a riot. His action lends too much color to the charge that he is animated by hostility to American anti-Fascists, and abundantly warrants the investigation promised by Immigration Commissioner Day. We trust that it will be a thorough one, and will show whether Mussolini has been able to extend his influence to our immigration service. The case calls attention again to the operation of our present immigration law in destroying the right of asylum. Political refugees are likely to reach our shores without proper papers. The immigration service then may find itself engaged in the task of catching them and sending them back home to prison, or by special arrangement deporting them to countries that express a willingness to receive them. We believe that the United States ought to be today, as it has been in the past, a refuge for the oppressed of other lands.

A VERDICT carrying the penalty of death has just been returned by a jury against a man for the murder of a fourteen-year-old girl. This sounds ordinary enough until one learns that the man is white, the girl was black, and the scene is New Orleans. By the law of the State a jury in returning a verdict of murder in Louisiana must stipulate either for the death penalty or for some lighter punishment, and New Orleans newspapers say that, so far as is recalled, the case is the first one in the city in which a white man has been condemned to death for slaying a Negro. Several verdicts of guilty have been returned in similar circumstances heretofore, but not with the death penalty. There was nothing unusually atrocious in the murder. The slayer was a supernumerary policeman who shot his victim in a hotel kitchen after she had repeatedly repulsed his advances. His defense was intoxication, but there was testimony that he could talk coherently when questioned immediately after the tragedy. The New Orleans *Times-Democrat,* a conservative organ of the old regime, says editorially that "had the slayer been a Negro and his fourteen-year-old victim a white girl, the crime would have aroused a storm of indignation" and that the jury "deserves community approval and thanks for prescribing the penalty provided by the white man's law." *The Nation,* as its readers know, is not in favor of capital punishment, but it is in favor of one law for all, and it is glad to see respect for this rising superior to race feeling in the heart of the old South.

ON APRIL 7 Malcolm MacDonald, son of the Prime Minister, and Megan Lloyd George, daughter of David Lloyd George, made their maiden speeches in the House of Commons under the eyes of their respective and doubtless beaming parents. "As always happens when the opportunity offers," runs the New York *Times's* special cablegram, "the whole House rose to the occasion, made a most friendly non-partisan demonstration in honor of the two young parliamentarians, and offered congratulations to their respective fathers." What could be more charming and more characteristically English in its sportsmanship? The House of Commons is rigid in its rules, severe and caustic in its judgments, and determined to keep its proceedings at a high level, but it is always kindly to the beginner whether he or she be a youngster or well beyond middle age. That fact must give great courage to the youths about to make a debut in the room where Cromwell and all the long line of famous Englishmen since his time took the plunge and then learned how to make history.

WITH THE PALESTINE REPORT still the subject of lively and acrimonious debate, it is a pleasure to record the dedication at Jerusalem on April 15 of the Wolffsohn Memorial Library of the Hebrew University. The fifth anniversary of the opening of the university shows its library of 217,000 volumes already the largest in the Near East. Open to the public of all races and religions, it is used by Moslems and Christians as well as Jews. Its medical library, the only one of importance in the whole region, is already performing an important service. It includes, also, the Jewish National Library, founded thirty years ago by the Lithuanian physician Dr. Joseph Chasanovitch, and the great mathematical library of Professor Klein of Göttingen, and its collections in these fields are already among the finest and most complete in the world. One intensely interesting item is the original manuscript of the theory of relativity, presented by Dr. Einstein, a member of the first board of governors of the university. The library building was erected by the labor of Jews and Arabs, men and women, scholars and students, many of them coming from Eastern Europe. We congratulate the chancellor of the university, that great American Judah L. Magnes, and his associates, and their supporters all over the world, who in the short space of five years have brought to a state of fruition their great enterprise for the healing of the nations.

THE NEW YORK TELEPHONE COMPANY announces that its experiments with television are progressing nicely, thank you. It is now possible to sit in a sort of booth that shuts out other sights and sounds, with a glass plate in front of you and a system of instruments above your head, and, speaking into no transmitter, listening with no receiver, to talk to the plainly perceived image of someone any number of miles away, whose face you see, whose voice you hear, whose watch, held up before your distant eyes, you can tell time by. As yet the device is far too elaborate and expensive for commercial use. But we are convinced that it is only a question of time before the face of our vis-a-vis on the telephone will be as visible as his voice is now audible. And when that day comes we are going to be very uncomfortable at the thought of possible next steps after television has become a commonplace. What if some scientist should invent a button that could be held in the hand and that, when lightly touched to the forearm of a companion, would disclose the unfortunate person's secret thoughts, his inmost desires and distastes? We have enough confidence in modern science to be afraid that just such a hideous invasion of our privacy may one day take place. These inventing fellows will stop at nothing. We hereby give warning, therefore, that if the time ever comes when we cannot think our own thoughts without detection this paper will suspend publication and its editors will form in line and jump off the nearest bridge. We are as yet not worried about what sort of communication will be established if the corpses are recovered.

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Court, Beer, and Politics

TO be the daughter of a Senator, the wife of a Senator, and herself a Senator—that record may be assured to Congressman Ruth Hanna McCormick by the astounding majority she rolled up over Senator Deneen in the Illinois primary. As a wife she revenged herself for the defeat in 1924, by only 6,000 votes, of her husband by Senator Deneen; as a daughter she proved that she has not forgotten the teachings of Mark Hanna, whom, even as a young girl of fifteen and sixteen, she accompanied on his political campaigns. For herself she proved once more a most uncommonly shrewd politician. She did not run for Congress until she was sure of her nomination. Her campaign for the higher office began the day of her election to the lower House, but she did not strike against Deneen until she was sure that everything was ready. Having eliminated the weak Senator Deneen—to the profit of the party—she will now organize against former Senator James Hamilton Lewis, the Democratic nominee, and put him to his trumps to win. It would be easy to prophesy victory for her just on general principles.

Not that we feel that her election would mean a great change in the representation of Illinois in the Senate, or the appearance of another genuine Progressive in that body. Mrs. McCormick should stand with the Progressives. She and her husband championed Roosevelt in 1912. No one could ever charge that she admired Calvin Coolidge; indeed there were times when it would apparently have taken but little to put her into the La Follette campaign. Had she been true to her better self she would have landed there. But she was too practical and too much of a politician, and so she is, by grace of Mayor William Hale Thompson and his ally, Crowe, the first woman to be nominated for the United States Senate by a popular ballot. We are well aware that she denied in a preelection statement that there was any alliance between her and Mayor Thompson. But Messrs. Thompson and Crowe are claiming her victory as theirs, and the fact is that no criticism or denunciation of this evil political pair has yet fallen from her lips. She has been quite willing to profit by their aid, while taking no position for or against them, precisely as she let it be known that she was a Dry but failed during the primary campaign to state her position as to prohibition in any straightforward fashion. That is being "practical" and "playing the political game," but the rotten political life of America is to be redeemed in no such way.

Mrs. McCormick herself at once shrewdly identified her triumph with her opposition to America's entrance into the World Court, against which she protested in every speech that she made. But Senator Deneen, too, was opposed to the World Court in a mild way. There was thus no real issue between them. Indeed, the whole contest savored of the shadow-boxing so familiar in our political life. Already it is reported that the Wets, the pro-Leaguers, and other groups are going to wage a determined war upon Mrs. McCormick, and there are those who see in all this the emergence of prohibition as the great national issue. Both parties are split in pieces on it. Yet somehow or other it is believed by many that there will be a clear-cut line-up on this issue by 1932. They are encouraged in this belief by the poll taken by the *Literary Digest,* and by the action of the New York Assembly in voting 82 to 61 for the repeal of the New York State enforcement act and demanding a constitutional convention to eliminate the Eighteenth Amendment from the Constitution. We do not look for any such upheaval. For the present we shall continue to see the same old pussyfooting on the liquor issue.

In the coming Congressional elections, on the other hand, the impending severe chastisement of the Republican Party will come chiefly because of the general depression, the lack of employment, the low price of grain, the denial of any real relief to the farmer through tariff revision, and other economic reasons. Prohibition may enter here and there, as in the State of Massachusetts, where the proposal to repeal the State enforcement law will be overwhelmingly carried next fall. But by and large it is not beer that is going to decide whether the Republicans or Democrats shall control the next Senate and House of Representatives. It is the general economic status of the country that will count. Mr. Hoover and his party have so long declared themselves the custodians of prosperity that it ill behooves them to quarrel with anybody who votes against them. There is nothing that Mr. Hoover can now do about it except to pray for a revived industry, for bumper crops, and for high prices all around. Since the last are so largely controlled by the world market, the President is in a difficult position. He can pretend that he got what he wanted in the tariff bill; he has already declared that there has been a really satisfactory achievement in London; and he can insist that but for him and his conferences the industrial crash would have been far worse. The public, unless there is a marked change, will hold him and his party accountable.

Were our press in possession of its former critical faculty, were our public willing to analyze critically, Mr. Hoover would be in for an even severer chastising than is indicated at the present hour. Every week confirms his lack of leadership. Had he, for example, sent to the Senate last fall our agreement to enter the World Court, subject to the revisions agreed to by the other signatories to the Court, it would hardly have been an issue for Mrs. McCormick. Instead, her success raises the question whether it will now be possible to ratify the convention. Mr. Hoover refuses to lead in the matter of unemployment. Instead, it is left to a Democrat, Senator Wagner of New York, to insist that the Senate, at least, shall in some degree face this difficult subject. For all the brave words uttered by Ramsay MacDonald and Herbert Hoover after the Rapidan meeting, we face a naval agreement which makes possible the scrapping of two battleships and involves the building of a number of new cruisers. The naval conference has been a failure from the point of view of reducing the military and naval burdens against which Mr. Hoover protested, declaring that they were the heaviest borne by any large country in the world. It is not surprising that the President's stock falls. It will be amazing if the electorate does not soundly trounce him and his party at the polls next fall.

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Another War Truth

AN extraordinary and vitally important historical admission has just been made by David Lloyd George as to the manner in which England entered the war in 1914. It was made in the course of a debate on April 7 in which Prime Minister MacDonald reaffirmed his readiness to consult with the leaders of the Opposition concerning any particular phase of the negotiations of the Naval Disarmament Conference in order that Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Lloyd George should be posted as to exactly what was taking place. Mr. Lloyd George heartily praised this attitude of the Prime Minister and went on to say that it was very important that "we should know what we are being committed to because these commitments are matters of peace and war." He continued as follows (italics ours):

> There has been a good deal of discussion as to whether or not we were committed in 1914. If we were, we were committed to *something which was very vague,* but where it was a question of honor, *whether there was a real commitment or not,* we gave the benefit of the doubt to the others. We don't want those conditions to arise again. We don't want any commitment by which the French will assume we have incurred certain obligations which we did not intend to incur.

We have in these words high confirmation from one of England's war premiers of the worst charges made by the critics of Sir Edward Grey and the Asquith Government as to their plunging England into the hell of the World War at a cost of a million British lives. It was known at the time that the commitments to France had been concealed not only from the British people and their Parliament, but also from a majority of the Cabinet. They had even been jesuitically denied. Only a small inner group knew. But when the fatal hour came Sir Edward Grey and the Prime Minister assured the country that the agreements with France were solemn and binding, admitting of no question and no indecision. The honor of England, they stated, was absolutely involved. Now we have Lloyd George's word for it that, in that same historic Parliament, it was all "very vague," that there was doubt as to whether there was a "question of honor"; but "whether there was a real commitment or not" the statesmen then in charge were willing not only to sentence to death a huge number of their countrymen, but to jeopardize the very existence of Great Britain herself.

This confirms us in our belief that the men who so light-heartedly plunged England into the war should rank among the great criminals of our time. Even before the war began, England's economic and financial position was being seriously challenged by Germany and the United States. It is at this hour not established that she will ever regain the status she held on August 1, 1914. We know that some of her industries have not rewon their former health, and that there has hardly been a time since the armistice that there have not been from 800,000 to 1,500,000 persons out of employment. That the Empire has passed its prime and that it is actually disintegrating is the opinion not merely of foreign observers, but of numerous Englishmen whose judgments are worth having. And this disintegration was enormously accelerated because there was some "very vague" commitment between an inside ring in the British Cabinet and the French government, and their respective military staffs; because, as Lloyd George says, England gave the "benefit of the doubt" to France in 1914; because Edward Grey and one or two others insisted that the sacred honor of England called for the most frightful blood-letting in history!

If Lloyd George now has had a change of heart on this as on so many other matters, that is surely to the good. It is a step forward in government, too, that Ramsay MacDonald is willing to consult with the Opposition, and to let Parliament as well know just what commitments his Government proposes to undertake. But that, of course, is not enough when it comes to a matter of war and peace. There we must continue to take our stand with Alanson B. Houghton, lately our Ambassador to Great Britain. Having been a diplomat and a highly successful one, he insists that no small group of men in high office is wise enough to be intrusted with the power to make war; that no government should have the right to begin hostilities without having a plebiscite of the masses, who are the ones who pay the price when war comes. Sir Edward Grey sat safely at home and never risked his skin after condemning a million of his fellow-citizens to death—a whole generation whose absence goes far to explain why it is that England in industry and commerce seems to lack at this moment its historic aggressiveness and efficiency. The oncoming generations in Europe certainly have the right to demand that they shall not be condemned to death because somebody had a "very vague" commitment with somebody else, and was at the same time able to say whether or not the country should go to war.

Saving the Children

AMERICAN children have a great stake in what happens at Washington during the coming weeks, for the work of the Children's Bureau is in peril. President Roosevelt in 1909 called his White House Conference on Child Health and Welfare. This conference gave great impetus to Lillian D. Wald's idea of a Children's Bureau, which at the insistence of the National Child Labor Committee, guided by Dr. Alexander McKelway, was established in 1912. President Taft signed the act creating the bureau and appointed Julia C. Lathrop of Hull House its first chief. The act assigned to the bureau for investigation a long list of subjects, including among others infant mortality, diseases of children, mental deficiency, and child labor.

The first study undertaken was that of infant mortality. This was so brilliantly done, and aroused such sustained public interest, that it was continued until eight cities had been covered. These earliest studies showed that six nations were more successful than we in keeping their babies alive to the first birthday; that our maternal death-rate was the highest among civilized nations which kept records; and that a baby's chance of living was six times as good if its mother lived and could stay at home with it during its early weeks, as when she had to go back to the factory or do heavy work at home. From these and other discoveries the maternity and infancy work followed almost inevitably in 1920.

In 1919, out of the special reconstruction fund of

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$100,000,000 placed at his disposal by Congress, President Wilson allotted to the bureau (besides its regular appropriation) $150,000 to be spent for a Children's Year. Among other ingenious means of increasing interest in the care of maternity and infancy, the services of Sir Arthur Newsholme, the leading English authority on infant mortality, were enlisted. In consequence of the year's work there arose a nation-wide movement for joint effort of the nation and the States to promote the welfare of mothers and babies.

President Harding, during the campaign of 1920, suggested the establishment of a social-welfare department to include the work in behalf of maternity and infancy. He was persuaded, however, to substitute his approval for an annual appropriation for five years of $1,240,000, to be used under the so-called Sheppard-Towner Act by the States for this work, besides the regular work of the Children's Bureau.

President Coolidge recommended the extension of this act for two years; but unhappily in his last message to Congress he urged that there be no further extension of the appropriation for maternity and infancy. On June 30, 1929, accordingly, the seven years' joint work of the government and the States came to an end, without intervention in its favor by President Hoover.

Hoping to forestall this disaster, Senator Jones and Representative Cooper on April 19, 1929, had introduced a bill providing $1,000,000 (in place of the former $1,240,000) annually for five years to continue the bureau's maternity and infancy work. The measure slumbered in committee for a year, and nearly a year of cooperation between the nation and the States has thus been lost since the Sheppard-Towner fund lapsed on June 30, 1929. Fortunately, the Jones-Cooper bill was favorably reported in the Senate on April 8.

Compared with the vast sums appropriated for agriculture, roads, and other like purposes the annual appropriation for saving the lives of mothers and babies has always seemed trivial. But it has been spent with extraordinary care and skill. Thousands of mothers and children are alive and well because of the bureau's energy in promoting health work, in cooperation with the States. When the bureau was founded only eight States were included in the birth-registration area. By patient cooperation thirty-eight States have been added, and the last two will soon be included.

With the example of his five predecessors before him, what will President Hoover do? Representative Cooper caused great confusion by introducing on February 14 a measure intended ostensibly to turn over to the Public Health Service all the health work of the bureau, and declaring that he did this at the request of the President. It is late in the session, and prompt action is necessary. If the President will make the Jones bill, which has now been reported out of committee, an Administration measure, as he can consistently do, following his address to Congress on December 6, there will still be time for an appropriation to be passed and money made available for the Children's Bureau to resume its beneficent activity at, or even before, the beginning of the new fiscal year. It is greatly to be hoped that this work, which has shown so large a measure of accomplishment with so small an appropriation of funds, may be continued without further interruption. It is for President Hoover to say the word.

A Lover of America

UNUSUALLY sympathetic interest is due a bill now pending in Congress for the appropriation of $100,000 to be expended on a suitable monument, to be erected at his home in Henderson, Kentucky, to the memory of John James Audubon, the naturalist. Audubon was born in Haiti, but the United States was his adopted country which he ardently explored and loved throughout his life. His great work, "The Birds of America," made him famous here and abroad. For that he spent years wandering over the American forests, observing, listening, taking notes for the paintings which with scrupulous care he made in color and life size of each specimen, as he conceived it, of American bird. The English engraver, Robert Havell, Jr., collaborated enthusiastically with Audubon in preparing the pictures for the press. For twelve years the volumes were in the making. They were Audubon's life work, and are in themselves a monument to his genius.

It is pleasant, however, to think of him not as the author of a noble and imposing book, but as the "American Woodman," the man who loved nothing so much as to wander alone through the wildernesses of this country a hundred years ago. Audubon possessed the tough and generous physique coupled with gentleness that seems to be a prerequisite of the successful observer of animal life. He was tireless and unafraid; he was freshly eager with each new day for a new area to explore. He could sit for hours in perfect quiet while the life of the forest moved around and above him. He loved the forests, the beasts and birds in them; above all he loved the strange or desperate or merely kind frontiersmen whom he met on his journeys. When he heard the squatters along the lower Mississippi dismissed as "a sallow, sickly-looking sort of miserable beings," and he later had occasion to inspect them, he cried: "See the joyous mother and daughters as they stand on the bank! . . . A store of vegetables lies around them, a large tub of fresh milk is at their feet, and in their hands are plates filled with rolls of butter." He could color even poor white trash with his own abundant life.

At Henderson, Kentucky, he started his adult life with his young wife and their first child. There he made several unsuccessful essays at business, but he was not destined to be a business man. He was a lover of the woods, and in the woods and occupying himself with what he found there his wife very sensibly—and perhaps generously—let him alone. There could be no more fitting place for an Audubon memorial, however, than in this place where Audubon spent his earlier years. And the United States could well afford to make a gesture of thanks to the memory of one of her first and most devoted lovers. A national monument at Henderson, designed so that it might have some practical value to those who share Audubon's interests in American fauna and flora, would go a long way toward softening the unpleasant impression made by others of our national tributes to the defunct great. One hundred thousand dollars is not a sum to dicker over. Let us spend it for a man of peace, one who celebrated his country by what he found to look at there, not by what he hoped, either by military or other conquest, to acquire.

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It Seems to Heywood Broun

MY radical friends seem to be of two minds. All of them expect the social revolution, but they mean various things when they speak of it. To some it suggests an actual setting up of barricades upon the streets and the shooting down of capitalists and bourgeoisie. In fact, some of the reddest of my acquaintances will not guarantee the success of their plans unless they have the privilege of cutting down a few million inevitable dissenters. The revolution contemplated by the Socialists seems to me a more thoroughgoing affair. As I understand it, they think less of musketry and more about the power of ideas. I never could understand why a fellow who wants to stick a bayonet into an opponent's ribs is considered a realist, while the man who wants to put a notion into his head is said by some to be a sentimental idealist.

For instance, what justification is there for the scorn which Left-wingers are fond of tossing over their shoulder at Norman Thomas? Why is it impractical to suggest that even a revolutionary change can be voted in by an aroused majority? In a revolution the more numerous side is pretty apt to win. If you have sufficient power to swing a revolt you ought to have enough to carry an election. As I understand my Communist friends they maintain that winning the election would be of no use to a proletarian party because the minority would still set up too active and violent a resistance. But I fail to see why the same thing does not hold true of revolution. After you've got a revolution won you've got to keep it that way. It is hard to build secure foundations on a coup.

Although I am not one to applaud everything done by the Soviet Republic I should hardly care to deny that the present regime has scored unmistakable triumphs. There seems, at the moment, not the slightest serious threat of any overturn of the general policy which is now functioning. Indeed, I view with marked suspicion many of the shrieking noises which come from Russia about the danger of attack from without its borders. Lenin, and the men who followed him, may have made many fundamental changes in the attitude of man, but they have not succeeded in eliminating the human penchant to play politics. And I believe that when a Soviet leader rouses the mob with a story of the manner in which England, America, or France is waiting to pounce upon the "workingman's fatherland" he is talking largely to consolidate the support of his fellows. He is following a very old principle. It is never difficult to secure loyalty by holding up a bogy man in front of your followers and frightening them with that.

I find it difficult to locate the main thread of the Communist propagandic theory over here. In the same speech an agitator will predict the imminence of the day on which the comrades are to take over the whole economic and governmental structure of the United States and immediately after he will shed tears of woe at the prospect of an attack upon the Soviet Republic by the powerful financial interests of this country. They are going to swallow us or we are going to swallow them. It seems to me that these two predictions are mutually exclusive.

Personally I feel that the Communists have made little headway over here. I am not necessarily rejoicing in this. I am merely stating it as an opinion. Often I wonder how a thoroughgoing, scientific revolutionary can justify the petty squabbles and riots which have featured recent red activity in the city of New York. Somebody will have to tell me in clearer language than I have heard yet just what purpose is fostered in baiting the police until the cops lose their heads and make fools of themselves by indiscriminate clubbing. Where does this rather trivial activity leave the famous old theory of economic determinism? Marx, if I read him aright, thought of the eventual proletarian revolution as inevitable. Capitalism would grow and grow and swell and swell until at last it would drop to the ground like an apple too long in the sun. If this is true no Whalen can stay the process nor yet promote it. And so I am at a loss to understand why so much energy should be wasted in the effort to prove the man a fool. If I were a Communist I would most certainly refuse to have my head broken in order to demonstrate a fact so obvious to all observers.

If the great day is being borne along upon the billows of vast subterranean streams it would seem rather petty to waste much effort in the dissemination of little handbills. Of course I know that the Communists are not the first nor yet the last group to lay the whip across the flanks of the very steed which they have picked to be the certain and inevitable winner of the race in question. For instance, people who say "The Lord will provide" are very seldom content to let it go at that. Even though they put their trust in Him, even so they think it not a bad idea to nudge the Creator upon occasion and to call His attention to the thing which they have proclaimed He will surely do.

To switch the subject of the sentence somewhat, even I, a humble columnist, have been accorded the honor of Communist heckling. Last week I spoke at the Rand School about unemployment, and a few Communists were there among the socialistic audience. I must say for the Left-wingers that they played fair enough and let me have my stuttering say without the handicap of outside interference, but when I asked for questions the deluge came. A Communist is, among other things, a man incapable of expressing himself in anything less than ten thousand words. And of course he doesn't ask questions. He makes speeches. Still, even that cannot justly be condemned by me. I'd made a pretty long talk on my own account.

But my friends the reds pay no great compliment to the Russian experiment by behaving as if it might be knocked down by the slightest puff of air. For instance, my departure from the lecture hall was signalized by the little knot of Left-wingers going into a huddle, like a Yale football team, and defiantly giving a long cheer with three "Soviet Republic's" on the end. Now I had not lifted so much as a finger against the "workers' homeland." But if I had, even if I had lifted two, I can't quite understand why that should constitute a menace worthy of the attention of any busy man intent upon world revolution.

HEYWOOD BROUN

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Ruth McCormick Smashes Through

By FREDERIC BABCOCK

Chicago, April 11

RUTH HANNA McCORMICK'S smashing success in the Illinois Senatorial primaries is being hailed as the greatest political victory ever won by a woman. It was indeed a triumph for feminine leadership, but it had many other significances. It indicates (1) that the West, led by its foremost State, is still anti-World Court and anti-League of Nations; (2) that it is still politically dry; (3) that it does not look with favor on many of the policies of the present national Administration; (4) that it has made up its mind to crash through the sex barrier surrounding the Senate.

Perhaps the best idea of how Mrs. McCormick did it may be gained by visualizing the campaign. Picture a woman tremendously alive and tremendously ambitious, brilliant, likable, tireless; a shrewd campaigner, equipped with amazing organizing ability and a thorough knowledge of all the tricks of the game; thin, with thin, determined lips and brown eyes that laugh; a walking, talking advertisement of what one can do with wealth and brains—and charm. On the other side was Senator Charles S. Deneen: "The good Lord cast him in the mold of a statesman, but gave him the mental operations of a ward politician." A beautiful specimen of futility, not unlike Dear Old Charlie of "Strange Interlude": full of desire, but impotent. His answer to his opponent's slashing attack on the World Court was an 8,000-word pamphlet, all dressed up in legal phraseology, defending his vote for America's adherence. Nobody read it and nobody cared. Senator Deneen let his campaign drag until two months before the primaries. By that time the enemy had walked off with most of his votes and there was no getting them back, even if he had been a good campaigner.

In Chicago, the main battleground, the Senator had a well-oiled machine and the support of a large number of the best people. But Mrs. McCormick picked up what was left. The Thompson machine, dealt a death blow two years ago, saw a great opportunity for resurrection. It supported Mrs. McCormick to advance its own purposes. So did all the other anti-Deneen people (and there are hordes of them), all the petty local machines, and all the guerrillas not included in the Deneen ranks. Tammany in New York and the Vare machine in Philadelphia have their counterpart in the City Hall crowd in Chicago. Mrs. McCormick joined hands with this gang to capture the Republican nomination. For this she was roundly berated. Personally, I cannot blame her. She accepted all the support she could get. She denied that there was any alliance—and many of us believed her. There is little to choose between the Thompson gang and the Deneen gang. They shift around every two years. Today's ally is tomorrow's enemy. Mrs. McCormick was a candidate needing votes. She had her own organization, built up through years of effort. If undesirables insisted on climbing aboard her band wagon she was not the one to shove them off.

So Mark Hanna's daughter, defying Hughes and Root and Hoover on the World Court question and staking everything on that issue, came to Chicago and waged war like the seasoned veteran she is. Daughter of one Senator and widow of another, she deemed it necessary to deal with gangsters, gunmen, racketeers, and political parasites. Opposing her was a Senator offering the noble spectacle of herding church vote and gang vote into the ballot booths together. Chicago shouted its choice, and "downstate" echoed the decision. The vote was an emphatic rejection of the World Court, with or without reservations. I doubt if one voter in a thousand could define the Root formula or a protocol, but he had an idea that the Court was tied up with the League of Nations and he wanted none of it. The vote further showed that discrimination against women in Illinois politics is almost negligible. Still further, it was an indirect protest against the economic policies of the Hoover Administration, which has no blinder or more faithful follower than Senator Deneen.

The first hurdle cleared, Mrs. McCormick must face the Chesterfieldian James Hamilton Lewis. Twelve years ago Medill McCormick defeated Lewis for reelection to the Senate. Six years ago Deneen defeated McCormick for renomination. Now McCormick's widow has turned the tables on Deneen, and is out to win again over Lewis. With Mrs. McCormick a Dry and Lewis a Wet, the Wets will make a prodigious effort to put him across. Some say it will be done. My own guess—seven months in advance of the anticipated event—is that Mother Illinois's next Senatorial offspring will be a girl. If unemployment and Hoover prosperity continue till November Lewis will get a huge vote from the discontented. But he will have to overcome a normal Republican majority of half a million and, on top of that, the opposition of thousands of determined women and church members who may not approve of Ruth McCormick as an isolationist, but do approve of her as a dry.

If one were to judge by the straw votes and the noise made by the Wets one would say Illinois was wet. At the risk of getting into hot water I venture to say it's dry. In the *Literary Digest* poll it has been going wet by three to one. But in the April primaries Mrs. McCormick and Senator Deneen, both Drys, between them rolled up a vote of something like 1,200,000. The only wet candidate on the Republican side got a few thousand. On the Democratic side, Lewis, the Wet, got about 300,000. Of course, the comparison between that total and the combined dry total, four times as great, is unfair, and Lewis's is the minority party anyway. But the dry majority is there, and it will be there next November.

One of Mrs. McCormick's ambitions was to make her husband President. As long as he lived she remained in the background. When he died she set out on her own career. Now she has been nominated for the Senate. She will be elected. She will make a good Senator if not a great one. She is no idealist. In the Senate she will play the game and make friends. After that, will she try for the Presidency? There's no law against it.

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Politics, Purity, and Pelf

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, April 12

AN odor—thick, oppressive, and horribly reminiscent of the Ohio Gang—is settling down on the capital. Just as the Republican leaders were beginning to hope the public might be induced to forget the politico-financial adventures of National Chairman Claudius Huston, they were confronted with the prospect of an infinitely greater scandal, arising from the history of post-office leases during the past ten years. That gigantic frauds have been practiced on the government and the investing public, with the knowledge and collusion of officials of the Post Office Department, has long been suspected by those who realized how perfectly the leasing system lends itself to corruption. Unless my reportorial judgment is sadly defective, the worst of those suspicions will be confirmed during the Senate investigation which now impends. I expect to see it disclosed that a number of syndicates are actively in the business of leasing post-office buildings to the government; that they are receiving exorbitant rentals under long-term, non-cancelable contracts awarded by the Post Office Department; that more than $100,000,000 worth of bonds were sold to the public on the basis of these contracts, and that many have been purchased under the impression that they were government securities. I expect to see it disclosed that officers or former officers of the government were interested in the leases or profited from the sale of the bonds. I am confident it will be discovered that nearly half of the $18,000,000 annually paid by the government in post-office rentals has been unnecessarily expended, and that a considerable percentage of the profits from the leases and the bonds has been passed on in the form of "commissions" and "attorney fees." Nor should the Senate investigating committee confine itself to leases. It should make a thorough inquiry into the mail contracts awarded to ship companies and air-mail carriers. It should ascertain whether any former officers of the government are interested in the companies receiving such contracts, what service they are rendering, and what they are being paid for it. In connection with the leases, it is important to know the identity of the lessors, the names of the persons who represented them in the negotiations with the Post Office Department, the size of the fees paid for that service, the amount of bonds that have been issued, the names of the banks and investment houses through which they were floated, and the size of the commissions paid on them. Finally, the committee should take pains to learn whether any political contributions have been made by the beneficiaries. Before the work is finished we shall doubtless have the pleasure of gazing again on the frank and open countenance of that exemplar of ethics and morals, Elder Will Hays. And how some of us will enjoy it!

* * * * *

THE lobby committee performed a sufficiently good job on Muscle Shoals to insure Senate adoption of the Norris bill for government operation of that great plant, but there are excellent reasons for believing that further inquiries would be amply rewarded. For example, what names are signed to the canceled checks cashed by the Muscle Shoals lobby? What public officials are stockholders in the American Cyanamid Company, the Union Carbide Company, or affiliated corporations? Have the officers of those corporations contributed to any political campaign funds in recent years? Information tending to answer some of those questions has been reported to members of the committee, but the answers have not been made public. The fact is that the members have grown weary under the torrent of hostile criticism directed at them by ill-informed or partisan editorial writers and by ignorant business men, and have lost the zest which characterized the committee's earlier proceedings. Chairman Caraway is disgusted with the public's ingratitude, and Senator Walsh is having one of his periodical attacks of legalistic conservatism. Incidentally, the latest breeze from the direction of Republican national headquarters serves to remind us that the eccentric Claudius is still clinging tenaciously to the party chairmanship, though his friend in the White House has done everything except set the dog on him. The melancholy truth is that Hoover, for one reason or another, is afraid to throw him out. Probably he will remain until certain gentlemen in New York, Pennsylvania, and Illinois serve notice that campaign funds will not be forthcoming until his successor is elected. That will turn the trick. It always does.

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THERE must be a surfeit of laughter on Olympus these days, when the gods peer down on the Washington scene and harken to the voice of "Old Joe" Grundy denouncing machine politics and corruption in Pennsylvania. How they must have roared when they saw him appear before the Senate Privileges and Elections Committee to demand the adoption of a resolution providing for the strictest investigation of campaign expenditures in the Republican primary in which he is opposing "Puddler Jim" Davis! Make no mistake—this is the identical "Old Joe" who proudly admitted raising and spending $250,000 in the last Republican Senatorial primary held in that State, and who even more proudly confessed raising $800,000 for the last Republican Presidential campaign! It is the same "Old Joe" who a few months ago scornfully admonished the "backward States" of the West and South to "talk darn small," and proclaimed Pennsylvania as one of the few commonwealths fit to have a voice in the government of the nation! Now we find "Old Joe" sallying forth in the armor of a reform candidate, bent on redeeming his precious Pennsylvania from boss rule and graft, and actually intimating that he would welcome the assistance of Senator Norris in his crusade for civic purity. I have listened to his piteous cries, and they leave me unmoved. As between the Vare Gang and the sacred Mellons, I will take the former every time: they have more honesty, and they are less expensive. And a Puddler is never so dangerous as a Grundy. The Illinois situation is but slightly less diverting. There "Next-Week Charlie" Deneen, who managed at one and the same time to be the bosom friend of the late "Diamond Joe" Esposito and the representative of

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"the better element" in Illinois politics, has just taken a handsome licking at the fair hands of Mark Hanna's daughter. The elevating influence of women in politics was strikingly demonstrated when Mrs. McCormick made her candidacy the occasion for an alliance which restored the unspeakable Thompson-Crowe machine to power in Cook County. As was to be expected, "Next-Week Charlie" and his lovely opponent fought it out on everything except the issues. On the bogus World Court question Mrs. McCormick gave an exhibition of demagoguery that filled Tom Heflin and Cole Blease with melancholy envy for a fortnight. My Illinois agents report that the exquisite J. Ham Lewis stands a good chance to beat Mrs. McCormick. Certainly he is entitled to the prayers of all honest people.

* * * * *

INDIGNATION probably is a form of weakness, but the temptation to indulge in it is almost irresistible when one contemplates two examples of partisan meanness that have lately come to light here, one designed at the expense of the finest character in American public life, and the other at the expense of the unemployed men and women of the country. Ten months have elapsed since the Senate, for the fourth time, adopted the Norris resolution providing for the submission of a Constitutional amendment abolishing "lame-duck" sessions of Congress. A few days ago its author made the astonishing discovery that Speaker Longworth, instead of referring it to a committee of the House, had calmly pocketed it. At once Senator Norris prepared to introduce a resolution calling for an investigation of this high-handed business. The House leaders, learning of his intention, hastened to report a similar resolution of their own, in a vindictive determination that no amendment to the Constitution should be permitted to bear the name of the Progressive Norris. It was perfectly characteristic of them. The other instance was one in which the Old Guard leaders in the Senate resolved that a Tammany Democrat, namely, Senator Robert Wagner, must not be permitted to have the credit for helping to relieve unemployment. Three bills, each intelligently drafted to accomplish that end, were introduced by him more than two years ago. They were referred to a committee, and there, the Old Guard decreed, they must remain. It made no difference that unemployment was increasing. The obstruction finally ceased only when Hiram Johnson succeeded Jones as chairman. As is well known, Hiram wastes no affection on either the Administration or the Grundybund. He moved the Wagner bills by main strength and vocabulary, and it is possible that Congress may now do something to help the starving—that is, if the House leaders do not decide that famine is preferable to its relief by an Al Smith Democrat.

The Press Today

II. The Associated Press*

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

IN the last analysis any organization is what the men in it make it. What of the men in the Associated Press? It is a pleasure to record the fact that despite the relatively poor salaries paid the Associated Press has generally been served by a devoted, honest, and loyal set of men and women, a credit to themselves and to the service. There is no eight-hour and no twelve-hour day for them. They must be the first into any disease-ridden or calamity-scourged town, and, of course, they must not be afraid of the firing line—David Lawrence, the well-known Washington correspondent, for instance, is the possessor of a gold watch awarded to him by the A.P. for risking his life to report the battle at Juarez in one of the Mexican revolutions, when he stayed on duty for three days and nights without rest. The men are drawn to the service by the extraordinary fascination of all newspaper work, and by its excitements. They feel that they are in a measure public servants and the interest of the "game" compensates for the small salaries and the exacting hours. Sometimes they exercise a profound influence upon the progress of political events, becoming guides, philosophers, and friends to men in high office. Rarely is any charge of manipulating the news for personal profit brought against an employee of the Associated Press. Indeed I have never heard it alleged that anybody in the Associated Press was using his position in order to make money, although there have been plenty of opportunities because of the custody of important public documents in advance of publication. Where irregularities have occurred, as in the matter of misreading a Supreme Court opinion, it has almost invariably appeared that the error was accidental. Naturally, since they are human beings, Associated Press men are liable to make mistakes.

Rarely, indeed, does a black sheep like Edgar G. Bellairs, a former chain-gang convict with a lifelong career of crime behind him, get into the service. Even he used it, however, not to feather his own nest, but to build up fictitious reputations for General Leonard Wood and other army officers to whom he was particularly devoted. But this incident could just as well have occurred in any other news-gathering agency. The danger is not that unworthy men will get into the Associated Press, but that its reporters will prove to be unable to write their dispatches without coloring them, consciously or subconsciously, as they think that Frank B. Noyes of the Washington *Star*, president of the Associated Press, or Adolph S. Ochs of the New York *Times* would like to have them colored. Their orders are to refrain absolutely from bias, to be "truthful, accurate, unbiased, decent, and interesting." Nothing was held more vital than this by Melville E. Stone, who was for so many years the beloved head of the organization. In consequence of his efforts to keep the service free from bias the charge was frequently made that it was dull in the presentation of news, illiberal, uninterested in the great currents of social reform and in the

* This is the second of two articles on the Associated Press in a series of articles on the American press. The third, on the United Press, will appear in our issue of May 7.—Editor The Nation.

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progress of labor. That the English it used was often extremely bad was, I think, beyond denial. In other words, the news report was written in the early days of the Associated Press as men like Victor Lawson of the Chicago *Daily News,* William R. Nelson of the Kansas City *Star,* Charles Hopkins Clark of the Hartford *Courant,* Melville E. Stone, and the other giants of a bygone journalistic age wished it written.

Today it seems to me that the besetting sin of the Associated Press is its worship of authority. This is in no small measure due to the personal attitude of Messrs. Noyes and Ochs. Mr. Noyes is a resident of the District of Columbia where his newspaper, the Washington *Star,* depends for its success upon the army of office-holders, whether of Republican or Democratic origin. The *Star* never offends and rarely criticizes the powers that be. It is not doing it an injustice to say that it has one of the most colorless editorial pages in the world; it can become excited over the question of retiring pay for the departmental clerks, and it can, of course, denounce with the best the I. W. W., the Socialists, the Bolsheviks, and the bootleggers. But as for daring to go counter to authority, or fearlessly exposing the mass of corruption which since the war has corroded our public life, the *Star* is to seek. Mr. Noyes is not a fighting man either by temperament or philosophy. In consequence the Associated Press reporter in Washington is just about as conscious as anybody could be that it pays to stand in with those who are in office lest one be shut out of official conferences as were two reporters of the Federated Press, a radical organization, at one time. Mr. Ochs, too, does not believe in criticizing severely men in high office. It is, perhaps, common knowledge that several years ago he planned to appoint a national advisory committee to supervise the editorial page of the New York *Times,* and that the negotiations broke down when, after having given assurances that the committee would have freedom to formulate policies, it appeared that this did not apply to the President of the United States and other high officials. It is therefore easy to understand why the Associated Press not only reflects the viewpoint of the great capitalistic interests of the country, but also the attitude and the point of view of those in authority in Washington. One constantly gets the impression that the Washington bureau, consciously or unconsciously, considers itself under obligation to seek a creditable explanation of any disclosure adversely affecting high officials.

During the war, of course, the Associated Press lent itself as freely to the uses of the government for propaganda purposes as did the corresponding services in England, France, Germany, and Italy to their governments. Even before we entered the war it carried the wholesale falsifications of the late John R. Rathom of the Providence *Journal,* whose romancing finally became even too vivid for the United States government to brook. It was responsible for a wickedly cruel and false report of a speech made by Senator La Follette in which he was made to say that we had no quarrel with the Germans over the sinking of the Lusitania, when he said precisely the opposite. No other alleged quotation from his lips did so much harm to this brave and patriotic American citizen, whose statue now stands with those of the greatest men of our public life in Statuary Hall in the Capitol at Washington. Not until years later was this wrong corrected on the initiative of the writer of this article. During the years prior to our entrance into the war the A.P. quite failed to obey the injunction of President Wilson to be neutral in thought and deed—an exception to its rule always to obey authority.

As for Russia, the Associated Press always knows well where its duty to God and our country lies. In the early days of the Bolshevik government the Associated Press was as eager as the New York *Times* to grab any absurd rumor and spread it abroad. It still believes in the high news standards of its service, but can it look back with anything but shame on some of its Russian reports? Thus, in April, 1918, it overthrew the Bolsheviks and reestablished the old regime under the Grand Duke Alexis. In August it had Lenin and Trotzky running hand in hand to Kronstadt for safety. On the eighteenth of that month it kindly allowed the Germans to seize Kronstadt. On September 1 it reported Lenin as back and in charge, for it announced that he had been shot by a girl. The next day he died, only to be resurrected by the Associated Press, for three days later he had a relapse—to see Petrograd revolting and peasants "storming the city" a few days later. On October 17 poor Lenin was shot again. In December he was about to flee to Sweden; before he could make his getaway, doubtless at the instigation of the Associated Press, he was arrested on January 9 by Trotzky himself and imprisoned in the Kremlin. Fortunately the Associated Press was soon triumphantly able to report that he had escaped to Barcelona; a couple of days later he had buried the hatchet and was making speeches with Trotzky in Moscow. All of which is delightful romancing, but hardly worthy of a service which believes that its reports are the most accurate and reliable and unbiased in the world. If its news from Moscow has now steadied down, it is in no wise as valuable as that sent by Walter Duranty to the New York *Times.*

Now such things happen during the hysteria of war time, or of events leading up to war. But the continuance of the policy of playing the game of the men who are temporarily delegated to run our government at Washington, and of letting them give out their propaganda anonymously, is just a little bit too much for journalists to stand who believe in fair play and professional ethics. Yet the practice goes on, and not only in the purlieus of our Capitol, as witness the fact that during a large part of the American occupation of Haiti the Associated Press has been represented in that island by an officer of the Marine Corps, just as if this officer were in a position to report freely and frankly the Haitian criticisms of the Occupation, of which the Associated Press correspondent was an official and uniformed member, or the acts of his superiors. If the revelations of the justified Haitian criticisms of our occupation, which led President Hoover's commission to that island to reverse our policy there, came as a surprise to the American people it must be in large part due to the fact that the Associated Press has had a marine officer as its correspondent. It is only just to add that when trouble broke out there the Associated Press immediately rushed to the island a civilian correspondent, and that it did its utmost to bring out the truth about the Aux Cayes massacre. But no amount of good intentions or actual honorable achievement in a crisis can atone for the fact that during periods of quiet the only news source of the Associated Press in Haiti was an officer of marines. For it was in the quiet periods that those policies

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were formulated which so aroused the population of Haiti against us that there would have been worse bloodshed than ever had not the commission fortunately intervened just when it did. Nor is the excuse that the Associated Press could not afford to maintain a special correspondent in Haiti a valid one. It maintains correspondents at places far less important than Haiti, especially if one considers that what we did in Haiti aroused the bitterest indignation against us in every Central and South American country, to our financial as well as moral cost as a nation. As I write, it is about to begin a service of "comic strips" to its members. This it can finance; but it was unable to raise the money needed to insure a fair and accurate report of a situation which to all South Americans was a touchstone of our national good faith and of our honorable intentions toward all of Latin America. Unfortunately, in Nicaragua, in Mexico, and in our other extraterritorial ventures the Associated Press invariably regards every situation through the spectacles offered to it by our officialdom.

Here, as has been said, is the greatest weakness and the greatest danger of the Associated Press. I find myself far less interested in the decay of the character and quality of the news service, which has deeply stirred other critics of the service, notably Mr. Dewey M. Owens in the *American Mercury* for April, 1927. It is true, however, that Melville E. Stone must be turning in his grave if he is aware of the kind of sob stuff that is now appearing in the Associated Press reports—banal and bathetic stuff of the kind to shame a college sophomore despite the fact that the rules of the A.P. urge "a simple narrative style" and deprecate fine writing. Here are two examples quoted by Mr. Owens:

> Death advanced and beckoned for the last time. The tired, worn-out man drew a long breath, there was a slight flutter of the eyelids, an almost imperceptible twitch of the nostrils.
>
> Woodrow Wilson's soul had drifted out on the great dark tide that runs around the world.
>
> Outside a sickly sun broke through a cloudbank. A little native warbler, a pilgrim venturing forth in search of early spring and sun, stopped for a moment and from his twig aloft twittered a happy note. Almost at that moment Mr. Wilson was passing out.

> Luther Burbank, withered by age, died here early today amid the flowering fruits and blooms he had created for the benefit of mankind.
>
> The noted horticulturist passed on to the great adventure of a hereafter in which he had no faith.
>
> Only a few weeks before the end he had declared that he could not believe in a life after death.
>
> And as life ebbed away and he stood on the brink he did not falter in his conviction.

If this is the sort of stuff the 1,250 members of the Associated Press want how can we expect to find anything else, seeing that we are dealing with a cooperative news service? Mr. Kent Cooper, the present able general manager, who rose from the ranks and represents an entirely new school from that of Melville E. Stone, has to face an intense, rapidly growing, and successful competition from the virile and liberal United Press. He has broken with tradition after tradition of the service—the comic strips are his latest venture. So the Associated Press has long since abandoned its original conception of being a service devoted exclusively to the gathering of news; it is now engaged in the merchandising of purely amusement features. Side by side with a vast deal of really admirable and altogether praiseworthy reporting of the vital happenings of the world, a great deal of it well, soberly, and accurately written, it disseminates a line of trivial and often nauseating human-interest stories wholly devoid of any news value. I append two of them which I clipped from the first page of Mr. Noyes's worthy *Evening Star* on January 18 last, when I happened to be in the capital:

> By the Associated Press.
>
> WAUKEGAN, Ill., January 18.—Trixie, George Van Valkenberg's police dog, isn't dead after all. She's sick, but the doctor says she'll be all right.
>
> Several days ago Trixie's master arranged to put her out of her misery via chloroform. Afterwards he took Trixie to the garage to await suitable burial weather.
>
> Yesterday the grave was dug, and Van Valkenberg went to the garage to get Trixie. From her blanket shroud the dog scrambled up and ran to her master.

> By the Associated Press.
>
> CHICAGO, January 19.—Animals, real and imaginary, have driven Mrs. Sophie Seidler to seek a divorce from Walter.
>
> She says her husband imagined the existence of pink elephants and wiggly snakes, and that they annoyed him dreadfully. In an effort to get rid of them, his wife asserts, he got real animals and took them to bed with him. One night he would come home with a cat, another night a dog, and some times with a rabbit, a pigeon, or a chicken.
>
> Mrs. Seidler told of a strange pastime favored by her spouse. When funds for beverage purposes were scant, she charged, he would run around and around the room in circles until he got dizzy.
>
> She wants, besides a divorce, custody of their child.

The purpose of this sort of thing is, of course, to help publishers to sell their "stuff" by "brightening up" their numerous pages. Here let us recall that in his memoirs, "Fifty Years a Journalist," Melville E. Stone declared that "the Associated Press is writing the real and enduring history of the world, and is not chronicling the trivial episodes, the scandal, and the chit-chat"! Plainly Mr. Cooper has no use for such sentiments. Other times, other morals! The amazing part of it remains that this descent to coarse vulgarity and trivial banality is the work of an organization which has no private-profit motive. It is what one might have expected of Hearst, but never of the men who fell heir to the Associated Press which was founded in its modern form in 1893 with such high hopes, such high standards, and such a sense of responsibility to the American public and to their profession that the founders never could have stooped in any such way to conquer large circulations.

The fact is, however, that the newspaper profession in America has changed in our time from a profession to a business—a purely money-making affair in which the professional aspect has disappeared in all but a few of the dailies of the country. They are being affected by the great economic currents that are hourly producing greater and greater aggregations of capital, larger and larger financial and economic and industrial units. The newspaper owner, as I have so often pointed out, is caught in the vicious circle of steadily rising costs, steadily increasing competition, and the demand for larger and larger circulations and more and

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more advertising. To the great merchants of the newspaper world the Associated Press is delivering the goods. Why all this tiresome nonsense about ideals and standards in its journalism? The Associated Press is what its members are willing that Mr. Noyes and Mr. Ochs and Mr. Cooper shall make it. They have much to be proud about, can boast of many fine things done, and have many admirable personal achievements to cite in reply to their critics. What does the rest matter as long as Cyrus H. K. Curtis and William Randolph Hearst and our other newspaper barons are content, and Washington officialdom finds their society wholly congenial? Let only those who are chronic fault-finders dwell upon the curious fact that it is the cooperative non-profit-making service which is illiberal and is so rapidly lowering its standards, and that it is the money-making United Press which has wide human sympathies and considerable idealism. But the reasons why the United Press is what it is must be reserved for another article.

The Turning Financial Worm*

By J. G. CURTIS

AMONG the distinctions possessed by Chicago is that of having been the center of opposition to branch banking in the United States. California formerly shared the burden and the honor, but California has since been lost to the cause. She can do no more now than serve as a desolate object-lesson to the Cook County patriots who have long and steadily realized how wholly dependent the well-being of this country was upon the independent banker. To be sure, as was told recently in *The Nation*, some five thousand of those independent bankers have disastrously failed to live up to their responsibilities. And to be sure, in California, where branch banking is practically universal, there have been only about ten failures in ten years, though the banks of that State were afflicted with the same depression that tried those in the Central West. In San Francisco, it is true, the Fleishhackers of the Anglo and London Paris National, once the biggest bank in California, and Mr. F. L. Lipman of the Wells Fargo Bank and Union Trust, once the second biggest, still look contemptuously upon their upstart competitors, the Bank of Italy and the Bank of America, which singly or together are the greatest branch-bank organizations in the country, and say that of course branch banking is "still experimental." To the Royalists in France the Republic is also "still experimental." Mr. Giannini has in twenty-five years made the Bank of Italy not only bigger than any two of its local competitors, but the fifth largest bank in America.

In Chicago there is nothing so wicked as the shameless branch banks of New York, Boston, Cleveland, and other cities, running wide open in broad daylight and even under State supervision. In Chicago there are quiet, gentleman-like, unofficial arrangements linking banks together in bonds that are concealed from the public and from the regulating authorities. But not branches—God forbid! But the practice of having private connections only has recently been challenged by the brazen Mr. George Woodruff of the National Bank of the Republic, who instead of keeping things dark has come out frankly and announced the formation of a legal holding company with associate banks. What Mr. Woodruff has in his National Republic Bancorporation with its fifteen banks in and near Chicago is something technically different from branch banking in that instead of one corporation with numerous offices, which is the characteristic of branch banking, his different banks retain legal entity but are owned by a holding company. It is therefore like the American Telephone and Telegraph, which controls the associated operating companies of the Bell system. Mr. Woodruff is not the pioneer with such corporate structure for banks. He was preceded by Mr. Andrew Price of the Marine Bancorporation of Seattle, with ten banks; by Mr. E. W. Decker of the Northwest Bancorporation of Minneapolis, with ninety banks in the Northwestern States, Minnesota, Iowa, the Dakotas, and Montana; by that great competitor, the First Bank Stock Corporation, with eighty banks; by the First Security Corporation of Ogden, with twenty-five banks; by the Southwestern Corporation of Oklahoma, with fifteen banks; and by similar groups in Michigan, Oregon, Wisconsin, Kentucky, Ohio, Georgia, and elsewhere. These groups are peculiar to the West and to agricultural regions. They are composed of the strongest banks in their respective territories. They are extending themselves aggressively. Why?

The answer is that the beloved independent bank is obsolescent. Yet in spite of its inability to stand the gaff economically, legislatively it has been successful in securing laws for its own protection. It is as if the manufacturers of old oaken buckets had got laws passed to prohibit the establishment of municipal water systems. It would be natural to suppose that a way would be found to get around such laws. It would be necessary, though, not only to get around the laws, but also to surmount considerable prejudice based on a notion that old oaken buckets were an American institution, and that their use kept the people in control of their own water supply and preserved the nation from decay. Reform in the direction of branch banking—and by branch banking is meant regional or nation-wide branch banking—has not only been prevented by law, it has been obstructed even more effectively by the interests which stood behind the law. The inventors of group banking overcame this twofold obstacle only by making it possible for the independent bank to retain its identity (and its officers their jobs), and yet at the same time gain the strength through association which is one great advantage of branch banking. Group or chain banking is therefore a compromise of economics with law and with prejudice. It has the advantage for the public interest of the safety of branch banking; it has the advantage for the private interest that there can be as many bank presidents as ever. On the other hand, it has the disadvantage for the public interest that it cannot be so readily supervised by the State as branch bank-

*This is the second of two articles on branch banking. The first appeared in the issue of February 26.—EDITOR THE NATION.

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ing; and the disadvantage for the private interest that it is administratively more cumbersome and expensive.

But to get back to Chicago. Just why has there been all this banking purity there? The fact is that the big Chicago banks, like the New York banks, have for years been cultivating the country-bank-correspondent business. If the independent country banks became members of branch systems their accounts with their city correspondents would be closed and the money would stay in the branch system. The same thing would happen that happened in California: every time a country bank joined the Bank of Italy it made the Bank of Italy bigger and the Anglo and London Paris National or the Wells Fargo relatively smaller, since one of the latter lost the account. At the same time the country independents were in a panic for fear the more efficient branch systems would enter their towns and begin competing with them. The interest of the country bank and of its city correspondent became one. Since branch banking was a sharper issue in the West than in the East, the banks there being weaker, the Cook County bankers were drawn more actively into the opposition to branch banking than were the New York bankers.

But New York has not been indifferent. Mr. G. W. Davison, of the Central Hanover Trust Company, made a moving appeal at the last meeting of the Bankers' Association for the "correspondent relationship." He hoped and believed that the big city bank was the country bank's best friend. Of course, that was something for country bankers to laugh at, no matter how much they feared branch banking. In the latter system a local banker knows at least where he stands, and that he can count on his organization, whereas if he is merely the correspondent of a city bank he knows he may be left in the lurch. But it is clear why so many New York and Chicago bankers do not want branch or group banking. It means change. The Pacific Coast and the Northwest will no longer have to supplicate the East. The hinterland is at last concentrating its financial resources for a bit of real independence, and the established money centers are not at all sure they like it.

This strengthening of sectional finances is obviously a gain. But it leaves untouched the charge that branch banking or its substitute, the group or chain system, will monopolize credit. Mr. Henry Dawes, who with his distinguished brothers controls the Central Trust, a Chicago bank with a correspondent business it does not want to lose, paints frightful pictures of the branch system sucking all the money out of the rural centers. Even if this possibility existed—which is not for a moment admitted—there remains the present inadequacy of banks as they are. It is a calamity for banks to fail, a calamity to borrowers and a calamity to depositors. It is better to have them niggardly in their local loans than insolvent. But as a matter of fact a branch or group bank brings stability to a community and an increase of funds rather than a decrease. The great branch systems of Canada go into pioneer settlements where no sane and scrupulous independent banker like Mr. Dawes would ever go. And even in an established community where the independent is safe enough, a branch organization can maintain better service than the independent one.

On the other hand, it would be ridiculous to assume that great regional branch-bank systems are without danger to the public. They will, of course, need regulation and supervision beyond what banks now have. The advantage is that they can be supervised to some purpose. They furnish by the fact of their size and geographical spread a groundwork of practically invulnerable safety which the individual banker cannot approach. They offer the opportunity for increased services to small communities which the independent cannot afford to provide.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter is embarrassed. Not financially—or at least no more so than usual—but socially, as it were. He is indebted to a lady for a gift, but he can't make out who she is. Several weeks ago, when declaring himself in favor of a liberal use of color, he mentioned his predilection for what are commonly called "loud" ties. Not long after, a communication arrived on gay orange paper bearing the letterhead in red type of the Indian Craft Shop of Monterey, California. The letter read:

> After reading your column this week we couldn't resist sending you one of our ties. Now the great difficulty for us is to find men brave enough to wear them. . . .
>
> My sympathies were always stirred by the dulness and ugliness of men's clothing; but after I went to Santa Fé and looked upon Witter Bynner I felt less unhappy, and now when you descend upon Monterey in a Kelly green suit and red tie I shall know that further sympathy is needless.

This much was typewritten and presented no difficulties. But then followed the signature in script. The first two names were readable, indicating, as the Drifter has already revealed, that the writer was a lady. But the last name, after a brave, bold beginning, wandered away indefinitely toward the rainbow's end. The Drifter has examined the signature—at intervals—several times since, but in vain. There was a man once who, whenever he received a letter he couldn't read, wrote at once to the sender: "I accept with pleasure your kind invitation to dinner next Wednesday evening." But to do that one has to be able to read at least the name of the writer. And anyhow Monterey is a long way off. The dinner might be cold before the Drifter arrived.

* * * * *

IN the meantime, the tie reached the Drifter under separate cover. There is nothing vague or indecipherable about the tie. Undeniably its color, as the sender says in her letter, is red. There is brilliance, sparkle, and energy in that tie. So much so that when the Drifter unfurls it to the breezes and struts along the street he is practically a parade. People line up along the sidewalk as he goes by, and if President Hoover were to walk on one side of Pennsylvania Avenue dressed in the Stars and Stripes and the Drifter on the other side wearing his Monterey tie, the Drifter would without question draw the larger gallery. Almost any day the Drifter expects to be arrested for taking part in a parade without a permit. And he once stopped traffic on a busy highway by coming unexpectedly around a corner. The leader in a line of speeding automobiles jammed on his brakes and came to a grinding halt, having mistaken the Drifter's red tie for a "stop" signal.

THE DRIFTER

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Books, Music, Drama

To Spring

By VIRGINIA MOORE

Unsullied Spring, O just-about-to-begin:
Fresh river-flags, cold crocuses, low bed
Of deep-dyed violets where snows have been;
Tulips as pale as butter or as red
As Aphrodite's bosom where it bled;
Sweetpeas crowded together, dappled with dew
(Pink, pale, color of salmon, lavender almost blue),
Pushing the fence—and over all the spell
Of a rich, rank, germinating smell
Out of the earth, an odor green and brown—
Bushes of rainy lilacs weighted down.

O Spring, O light of limb, O lovely stepping one,
Brushing the speared grass, leading the warm sun;
O leafy glade, unspoiled, unspotted, cool,
Dipping your matted roots into the rain's pool:
Mortal am I, mortal and twisted with pain,
But I would begin too—I would begin again.

Gide's First Novel

The Immoralist. By André Gide. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

STRANGE are the mysteries and accidents of translation. André Gide, commonly regarded as the foremost author of France, has been writing for forty years. Translations of his works did not begin to appear here until 1926. "Les Faux Monnayeurs," published in France in 1925, came out in English translation in 1927. But his first novel, "L'Immoraliste," published in 1902, only now appears in an American edition.

The story, told in the first person, is that of Michel, a man brought up as a student of dead civilizations, and entirely absorbed in his studies, who marries a young girl at his dying father's wish. On his honeymoon he is attacked by tuberculosis, and he emerges from the shadow of death with his outlook upon life completely altered. For the first time he realizes the exquisite delights of pure sensation; his older studies no longer appeal to him, except as he finds here and there something relevant to his new feeling. He becomes fascinated by the last years of the empire of the Goths, and what attracts him most is the figure of the young king Athalaric, "this fifteen-year-old boy, . . . rebelling against his Latin education and flinging aside his culture, as a restive horse shakes off a troublesome harness; . . . preferring the society of the untutored Goths . . . plunging for a few years into a life of unbridled pleasures . . . and dying at eighteen, rotten and sodden with debauchery."

Michel becomes constantly more restive as he feels this impulse toward "a wilder, more natural state"; and at his country home in Normandy, where he goes with his wife, Marceline, to spend the summers, he consorts by preference with the coarsest and most disreputable of his farm hands. It is now Marceline who succumbs to tuberculosis, and though Michel has an odd sort of love for her he knowingly takes her to climates bad for her health, and does not conceal from her his changed views. He is troubled not only by his new impulses but by doubts which affect all culture. What can man do more? he asks himself. "Is what man has hitherto said all that he *could* say? Is there nothing in himself he has overlooked? Can he do nothing but repeat himself? . . . And every day there grew strong in me a confused consciousness of untouched treasures somewhere lying covered up, hidden, smothered, by culture and decency and morality." It seems to him then that he has been "born to make discoveries of a kind hitherto undreamed of"; he soon goes to the length of "sympathizing only with the wildest outbreaks of conduct in other people" and of regretting that such manifestations are subject to any control whatever; the worst instinct of every human being appears to him the sincerest. At the end he betrays Marceline with the mistress of an Arab boy, and comes home to find her dying.

Were it not for its depressing close, the novel might almost be considered a seductive argument for immorality. It was indeed so considered by reviewers at its first appearance, and M. Gide has felt called upon to defend it in a preface, in which he complains:

> No one was grateful to me for the indignation he felt against my hero; it was as though he felt this indignation in spite of me; it overflowed from Michel on to myself; I seemed within an ace of being confounded with him. But I intended to make this book as little an indictment as an apology and took care to pass no judgment. The public nowadays will not forgive an author who, after relating an action, does not declare himself either for or against it.

Yet it is evident that Gide intended his novel to be regarded at least in part from the moral side—to raise, if not to answer, a fundamental moral question. From this angle, the book is slightly dated. It recalls that "religion of sin" with which the name of Baudelaire is most frequently associated, and which troubled the fin de siecle group. The present-day reader is let down, too, when he finds, after so much profoundly philosophical preparation, that the protagonist's revolt takes forms no more original than those of egoism, unfaithfulness, and sexual aberration. After all, vice is as commonplace as virtue.

But as a psychological study, as a work of art, "The Immoralist" is almost a masterpiece. The mental change in Michel and his moral disintegration are made thoroughly convincing; they do not proceed step by step like a logical theorem, but with those advances and recessions so frequent in life. Michel's drift toward homosexuality, in particular, is suggested with the utmost delicacy and skill. One might think of this as an acute psychoanalytic novel, free from jargon, were it not that it was written long before psychoanalysis effectively made its appearance. The minor characters, the Arab boys and the Normandy farm hands, are drawn with great shrewdness, and the figure of Marceline, while not perhaps as sharply realized and full-bodied as it might be, is lovely and pathetic. Admirably translated by Dorothy Bussy, the book is written in a graceful idyllic prose. It is a novel that puts to the test once more two dubious, weather-beaten words, for it is completely "classical" in form and completely "romantic" in message.

HENRY HAZLITT

Two Kinds of Satire

Lost Buffalo. By Leonard Bacon. Harper and Brothers. $2.
Droll Parade. By Carlton Talbott. Horace Liveright. $2.

LEONARD BACON can tell a rattling good story in expertly written verse, and he has told another one in "Lost Buffalo." Here again, in his usual exact metrical pattern, his accustomed eighteenth-century manner, Mr. Bacon's purpose is satire. His laughter is, however, always a bit forced and his satire is frequently based more upon a pedantic and aristocratic snobbishness than upon true wit. He looks down his nose at

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whatever he is describing and consequently always sees it a bit askew. In "Lost Buffalo" the poet is debunking what he considers the sentimental attitude toward the American Indian. In so doing he sometimes cheapens himself more than he does the Indian. He is a very prejudiced man; he doesn't think much of Indians or Jews or radicals—and he tells us so. To destroy these false idols he uses no rapier-like thrust, no ridicule other than that of character depreciation. He makes his Indian a drunkard and a fool, and although some Indians may be both this type of Indian is not in the majority. He calls Lenin (or says that his child calls him) "funny man." This method of caricature would be equally effective or ineffective regardless of what subject is caricatured.

Mr. Bacon has always been debunking something, and often very successfully. He was most entertaining indeed when he started after Ph.D.'s and the scholastic pretense and folly in degree-hunting. He is often an amusing and annoying poet at one and the same time. This is probably what he wishes to be. One wonders, however, why he has never quite become the expert intellectual satirist that he promised to be.

Carlton Talbott in "Droll Parade" is a rollicking antic and trick performer. His touch is as light as Mr. Bacon's is heavy; his verse form more varied but less expert. He is lusty and hilarious—neither of which attributes could ever be Mr. Bacon's. He writes alleged historical incidents, but his stories always have to do with kings in their off moments, with priests not entirely priestly, with virgins not quite virginal, with emasculated dragons, and with aristocratic stomach aches. His poems dash along through naughty incident after naughty incident. They make no pretense to complete story-telling nor to serious character portrayal. They read easily and entertainingly. Mr. Talbott has not the polish or skill of Mr. Bacon, but he is more fun.

EDA LOU WALTON

The Soviet Achievement

Soviet Russia. By William Henry Chamberlin. Little, Brown and Company. $5.

Russia Today and Yesterday. By E. J. Dillon. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $3.50.

MR. CHAMBERLIN, who is the Moscow correspondent of the *Christian Science Monitor,* has been for seven years a resident of Moscow and, what is even more important, has a Russian wife to aid him. He has traveled in remote portions of the country, living for weeks at a time in peasant villages in central Russia, the Ukraine, and the Caucasus. His desire to be non-partisan is obvious on every page; his objective is to furnish an intelligent, balanced understanding of what is going on, supported by the historical background of the Revolution and the Communist movement. He has as a result achieved a volume which will be for some time to come one of the best reference books on the achievements of the Soviets, especially from the historical point of view. His volume is crowded with facts that every visitor to Russia should know to enable him to understand what he sees on his travels. Here he will find answered most of the innumerable questions with which the tourist is confronted on his return to America, such as: Are there still wild, homeless children? How many Jews are there in the ruling clique? How many Communists are there, and how does the central commission function in disciplining and purifying the party? What is the exact story of the break between Trotzky and the group headed by Stalin, etc., etc.?

The very fact, however, that Mr. Chamberlin desires to be as judicial as possible makes the book hard reading. His style, too, is dull and heavy. It is to be hoped that in later editions there will be more careful editing to eliminate frequent repetition, and to catch some slips, due presumably to the difficulty of revising the manuscript at such long range. Thus, he speaks of Lunacharsky as Commissar of Education although Lunacharsky was dismissed from office in the early fall of 1929. The book is also not up to date as to the more recent developments in the war against the kulaks, or the successful grain-collecting campaign of the fall of 1929. It is only fair to add, however, that no book on Russia can be up to the minute. I know of one that is on the stocks two chapters of which, involving months of research and study, were destroyed on a single day by a couple of Soviet decrees introducing an entirely new system of law, or legal procedure.

For the human element in the situation, as well as for a colorful picture of what is going on in Russia, one must turn to other volumes than Mr. Chamberlin's, such as Maurice Hindus's admirable "Humanity Uprooted." Mr. Chamberlin, for example, has given little space to the vexed questions of sex relations and the making-over of the family. Finally, it may be added that he believes that "bolshevism is a Russian rather than an international phenomenon." The positive gains for Russia from sovietism he finds to be the annihilation of agricultural landlordism, the cultural autonomy of the non-Russian nationalities, and the emergence of a new spirit of what may be called plebeian democracy. He feels that the substitution of state for private control and operation in industry, transport, banking, and trade has yet to prove itself. But he adds that it is "now so firmly rooted and established and taken for granted . . . that one can no more imagine its replacement by private capitalism than one could imagine the introduction of communism in America. For good or evil Marx's economic ideas are to receive a long-term, thorough, practical demonstration in Russia."

The interest of Dr. Dillon's volume lies first in his extraordinary knowledge of pre-war, Czarist Russia, in which he was for many years professor of comparative philology in Kharkov, editor of an Odessa paper, and correspondent of various English and American dailies, and then in his extraordinarily favorable view of the Bolshevik achievements. He revisited Russia in 1928 after an absence of fourteen years and portrays the astounding difference in the Russian scene as he viewed it, usually with the highest praise. His book is not meant to be as searching a volume as Mr. Chamberlin's, and it obviously lacks Mr. Chamberlin's depth of knowledge of Soviet Russia. Like Mr. Chamberlin's, Dr. Dillon's volume is already in places out of date, and one feels in it the need of more definite and unqualified statements. Dr. Dillon has every reason to be bitter against the Bolsheviks. They not only seized his life savings, but robbed him "of one near and dear, whose loss all the money in the world cannot make up." Despite this he remains remarkably detached and non-partisan in his judgment of the Bolsheviks, of whose achievements he often speaks with genuine enthusiasm. For instance, writing of the Ukraine he knew so well, Dr. Dillon declares that it "has risen from the dead" into a most impressive "independence, vigor, and relative prosperity"; that it "has become animated with a new soul." As for the embattled peasant, Dr. Dillon declares that "the disenthralment and cultural uplift of the peasantry by the leaders of bolshevism is one of the most marvelous feats on record." Foreigners who like himself had studied in Czarist days "the habits and the wretched social status of the peasantry will find it hard to recognize them as they are today." Similarly he cannot withhold his admiration of what the Soviets have accomplished in other fields. Here is his conclusion:

> The Bolshevists then have accomplished much of what they aimed at, and more than seemed attainable by any human organization under the adverse conditions with which they had to cope. They have mobilized well over

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one hundred and fifty millions of listless dead-and-alive human beings, and infused into them a new spirit. They have wrecked and buried the entire Old World order in one-sixth of the globe and are digging graves for it everywhere else. They have shown themselves able and resolved to meet emergency and to fructify opportunity. Their way of dealing with home rule and the nationalities is a masterpiece of ingenuity and elegance. None of the able statesmen of today in other lands has attempted to vie with them in their method of satisfying the claims of minorities. In all these and many other enterprises they are moved by a force which is irresistible, almost thaumaturgical.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Salvation Through Monism

The Proving of Psyche. By Hugh I'Anson Fausset. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.50.

MR. FAUSSET'S book is in two parts, but the argument which runs through them both is of one piece. In the first part he sets forth a philosophical position which is called "true romanticism" and in the second he criticizes the ideas of Irving Babbitt. The whole book is closely reasoned and well written, but it is not easy reading; Mr. Fausset employs a terminology to express his ideas of which it is difficult to approve, and he indulges in references to a certain "ideal" personality which arouse my suspicions of his whole program.

I have an ineluctable hostility to writers who employ the figure of Jesus as a symbol for the perfect man. We know too little about Jesus for the reference to have any precise or convincing meaning. It is impossible to say that Jesus supports this or that argument. If the evidence about Jesus were as overwhelming as the writers who employ this device imply, it would never have been possible for a whole school of not entirely idiotic Biblical critics to maintain that Jesus never existed. In any case, to employ Jesus as a symbol for an ideal, and particularly to employ his alleged ideas to sustain an argument as intricate as that Mr. Fausset sets forth, is to indulge in indefensible myth-making. Other than as a religious symbol Jesus has precious little to do with present-day intellectual dilemmas.

Of course the reason Mr. Fausset appeals to his version of the ideas of Jesus is that he wants to reestablish what he calls a religious synthesis of the personality. He wishes to "formulate a faith in which intelligence need no longer prove fatal to imagination." "The essential problem that lies before humanity," he writes, "is how to combine creatively, as distinct from balancing negatively, apparent opposites, how to harmonize the individual and the social, the fact and the desire, the natural and the human, the conscious and the unconscious, the idea and the thing." The great enemy of his program is dualism. He correctly believes that all dualisms are destructive of human personality, setting up false antitheses within man. He chooses to believe that Jesus solved that problem by synthesizing the conflicting claims upon man into a religious monism. Official syncretic Christianity restored dualism to a basic position in Western philosophy. It has been perpetuated ever since in literature by the classicists, and it has been fought in literature by the romanticists. The classicists tend to achieve a perilous negative balance, artificial in nature, between the conflicting elements of life. The romanticists have perceived the artificiality and perilousness of the classic balance and have revolted against it. But while they have seen the weakness of classicism they have rarely had the resources to achieve a true synthesis. Mr. Fausset believes that the materials are now at hand and that they point to a synthesis beyond dualism; they point to a religious monism. Mr. Fausset admits that the old supernaturalism is dead. He says, however, that "the supernatural is being recovered . . . as the creative principle in the natural." He talks about "the divinity immanent in life." One apprehends this divinity apparently by an imaginative apprehension of life, a sort of cooperation of reason and instinct. Mr. Fausset would surrender himself to this impersonal power, this divinity. This surrender, he maintains, will save him from hypostatized egotism, which is the dangerous element in all philosophies grounded exclusively in reason. His final aim would be, as said before, a religious monism which reconciles the moral and the mystical impulses, the instincts and the reason, the animal and the human (i.e., apparently, the cultural heritage), and similar dualisms. And, finally, he calls the creative will of life (i.e., the "divinity" in life) the "Father." He alleges that is what Jesus meant by Father!

It is easy to see from the preceding rapid and crude summary of Mr. Fausset's closely reasoned argument that the chief indictment of Mr. Babbitt is that he not only desires to perpetuate a dualism, but actually glorifies it. Now I too think that the central dualism of the new humanism is one of its major flaws, but I do not agree that it is necessary to drag in a somewhat far-fetched interpretation of the alleged teachings of Jesus in order to discredit it. I do not know of any greater disaster to contemporary thinking than this use of terms like "religion," "Jesus," "Father," and so on to sustain an argument for a modern necessity. There is small evidence that Mr. Fausset (and this is true of most of the people of his type) has ever engaged in the labor of "dissociating" the emotional incrustations which make the use of such terms dangerous. Such terminology befuddles rather than clarifies modern thinking. And, finally, it is apparent that all Mr. Fausset wants is an integrated personality, a personality harmonious in its workings, not split into opposing fragments to the point of disintegration. I fail to see anything in this ideal which cannot better be achieved through the technique of science, and consequently I cannot but object to the use of such muddied words as "religion" in advocating its necessity.

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

Another "Love-Life"

Balzac: The Man and the Lover. By Francis Gribble. E. P. Dutton and Company. $5.

A DISCUSSION of this book might, as one reluctant reviewer has shown, present the current estimate of Balzac's achievement, the results of scholarly research into his life, or other matter incidental to the author's purpose. Otherwise, one must baldly declare that the writer of the "love-life" of a dozen famous figures has added a thirteenth. In an early letter to his sister Balzac wrote: "I have two and only two passionate desires: to be famous and to be loved." Mr. Gribble tells us this in the first sentence of the first chapter and reminds us of it constantly, his aim being to show how the second desire was realized. The author's ability imaginatively to re-create his hero may be illustrated in his account of the newly unearthed fact that an uncle of Balzac's was guillotined for murder. He begins: "It is not even certain that Balzac himself knew anything about it. He would hardly, if he had done so, have written of the guillotine as 'the pillar of society'." And he ends the tale: "Balzac was a lad of nineteen at the time the murder was committed. The matter may (though it is unlikely) have been hushed up so successfully that even he knew nothing about it, in spite of the fact that he was at one time in correspondence with his cousin, Louis

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Balssa's son. But though the story stands in no direct relation to his career, it seems right and reasonable for his biographer to tell it. It is a new fact—a striking and significant fact. It offers, on the assumption that he knew of it, a partial explanation, for what it may be worth, of that morbidity which always haunted Balzac."

The frequent digressions, however, such as the consideration as to whether a charming woman is more desirable at twenty or forty, and the love episodes themselves are presented with a delicacy that probably will both please the inhibited reader and satisfy the unavailing censor.

JOSEPH T. SHIPLEY

A Pioneer Fairy Story

Cimarron. By Edna Ferber. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

WITH the instincts of a true story-teller, Miss Ferber has chosen for her latest dashing novel an irresistible protagonist. The hero of her tale is the West—mad, generous, loud-mouthed, colorful, untamed. The Wild West, the West of infinite distances, of men and horses, of six-shooters and daylight bank robberies, of Indians in beaded moccasins and blankets, of mud huts and red "likker," the West that Oklahoma was forty years ago. And her hero was obliging enough to be not only untamed, which gave him an altogether picturesque beginning, but to be full of ambition, which made his taming a matter of less than a quarter of a century. And when he had settled down to a tidy existence of front porches and twenty-year-old elms blossoming in the desert, he came into a fortune! Oil; oil that made him so rich he could buy diamonds by the bucketful—and being a simple soul, he did exactly that. Our hero, then, turns out to be none other than our old friend Cinderella.

With this background, Miss Ferber, practiced writer that she is, could not fail to make a tale that would fire the imagination of a great many thousand readers. But she has done more than draw a brilliant picture of Oklahoma. She has created men and women who go there to live—and in a measure do live there in the pages of her book. I say in a measure because I think Sabra and Yancey Cravat, and certainly Sol Levy and Dixie Lee and Cim and Donna and Felice, have a tendency to be gorgeous painted figures on the back drop of the West. I can see them well enough; but I cannot quite feel them or hear them. Not because they are preposterous or exaggerated. Miss Ferber assures me in her preface that only the more credible incidents in her book are not bona fide. The most unbelievable ones are the true ones. Yet I never get inside Yancey's skin; I never penetrate, indeed, beyond his white sombrero and his Prince Albert. I never feel that he is more than an actor to whom the great panorama of a civilization that is rolling out behind him is no more than a scene in a play. I see the struggle, in the case of Yancey and Sabra his wife, of soul with sense, of the dreamer with the practical man—in this case, the practical woman. I see Yancey full of zest and poetry, eager for a new life, afraid of security, afraid of monotony; I see Sabra passionately set on making a home for herself in the wilderness, a home that shall be neat and snug and warm like the home she left in Kansas. But when I have finished reading all that Miss Ferber has to tell me of Yancey and Sabra they are still strangers to me, I do not know them.

I suspect that this is due to Cinderella. If the magic flow of oil had not drenched the erstwhile Indian Territory in gold, Miss Ferber would not have been betrayed at the end of her story by a falsely romantic conclusion. It is all so easy. Neither Sabra nor Yancey, it is true, strikes it rich. But they do not need to. Their daughter becomes first the mistress and then the wife of the richest man in the country; their son marries one of the despised and downtrodden Osages, but she is really a princess in a white buckskin gown. Sabra is the leading woman in the State; Yancey is the most famous figure, the model for a monument to the Pioneer, and dies a hero, magnificently catching in his arms a can of nitroglycerin that was hurled unexploded from a gusher. It turns out to be a fairy story. No matter if it really happened. It is the Fairy Story of the Pioneer and the Indian. It delights my eye but, like most fairy stories, it does nothing to my heart.

There were, of course, blood and tears on this last of the frontiers; there were death and despair. Miss Ferber knows it as well as anyone. But somehow her despairs are less convincing than her triumphs. Yancey, dying with a broken chest, will play Hamlet tomorrow night, or if not Hamlet then Buffalo Bill. And if Yancey is a stage hero, the Osages in "Cimarron" are stage Indians. Only in the incredible hour of their triumph, when they wear blankets over beaded Paris frocks and cerise silk shirts, when they buy Packards by the half-dozen, when the miserable spot of earth that they had been last exiled to bursts with oily wealth beyond any dreams, are they real. They will help make "Cimarron" a successful musical comedy, a super-feature movie. Even they, even the Wild West, cannot make it into the great book it ought to be.

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

Hymn of Hate

Grandeur and Misery of Victory. By Georges Clemenceau. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $5.

CLEMENCEAU'S last book reveals the soul of the Tiger of France, but it adds nothing to his stature. It is a prolonged snarl of hate—hate of Foch, of Poincaré, of Haig, of Pershing, of the Germans, of Briand and the League of Nations. There is in it surprisingly little hate of President Wilson, and just one admiration—for Clemenceau himself.

Raymond Recouly's "Foch: My Conversations with the Marshal" inspired the eighty-year-old hermit to pen these savage reflections. Half the book is a reply to what he calls that "impudent farrago of troopers' tales"; the rest is a bitter attack upon the Frenchmen and others who had "mutilated" Clemenceau's own Peace of Versailles. But what Clemenceau makes most clear is his own tremendous egotism, his blank incapacity to see good in any but his own work.

Foch had failed to give Clemenceau credit for his achievements and had criticized Clemenceau's peace. Clemenceau replies first and most shatteringly by exposing Foch's own ambition and vanity. Foch campaigned to win the supreme command and even stooped to have terra cotta busts of himself made and distributed to his political friends, including the unforgetting Clemenceau. Next, Clemenceau declares that he was himself responsible for Foch's appointment to the united command, and that he saved him from disgrace after the defeat on the Chemin des Dames. Third, the ex-Prime Minister asserts that Foch was insubordinate—a "soldier in a state of rebellion"—and a liar. All of which may be, but these are vices characteristic of both antagonists. Clemenceau himself certainly never yielded to any higher authority, and he too has been accused of lapses of memory.

Poincaré is to Clemenceau "the man of inaction," Briand "the leading light of French defeatism." He says he told Lloyd George that from the day after the armistice he had found him an enemy to France and that Lloyd George, a man of a "bright, two-fisted smile," replied, "Was it not always our traditional policy?" The American soldiers, according to Cle-

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AN OPEN STATEMENT *of* POLICY *by* THE TRUSTEES *of* THE BANK *of* NEW YORK *and* TRUST COMPANY

IN view of the many changes that have taken place in the banking field during the past year, and firmly convinced that the interests of its customers and future customers can be best secured by the preservation of the independent position of the bank, the trustees feel that the following outline of its policy will be of particular interest at this time

THAT the Bank of New York and Trust Company must preserve its independent position and that the historic continuity of what is now the oldest bank in America, retaining its original name and the first financial institution in America to use "Trust Company" as part of its title, must remain unbroken.

THAT there is a real place in New York for conservatively managed banks and trust companies of moderate size where customers, both in the Banking and Trust Departments, may have easy access to and personal acquaintance with the senior officers.

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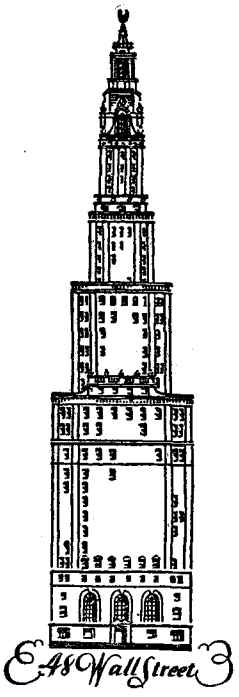

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menceau, did not go into the battle line until the war was "practically over," and Pershing's desire for a complete separate army cost the lives of thousands of Frenchmen. And today "America, who has made a separate peace after growing incredibly rich through the war, claims for her treasury the contributions earmarked for restoring French soil to a productive state."

But the Treaty of Versailles, Clemenceau's own baby, appears in a new halo. Foch and Poincaré had attacked him for not annexing the Rhineland and he defends his handiwork, even so far as to declare that no one has a right to change it. Its keynote, this strange old man says and repeats, "is the liberation of the peoples, the independence of nationalities." This of the treaty which calmly divided Germany's colonies among the victorious empires, allotted Shantung to Japan, vivisected Germany with the Polish corridor, forbade the union of Austria and Germany, and created the monstrosity of the Free City of Danzig! It is not the entire treaty, however, upon which he pronounces his blessing. President Wilson's League of Nations was to him "nothing more than an epitome of the parliaments of all nations, to which all historic disagreements, all diplomatic intrigue, all coalitions of national, or even private, egoisms were to come and concentrate, multiply, intensify, and perhaps sometimes even find some momentary mitigation."

The tragedy of Europe, to Clemenceau, was that his treaty had not been maintained intact. Every mitigation of it was a crime—the failure to hang the Kaiser, the admission of the Germans to international conferences and to the League of Nations as equals (it is typical of Clemenceau's mind that he completely forgot the Germans when he said that the Peace Conference called before it and heard "all the parties interested"), and all the gradual steps by which the settlement of reparations was reduced from an abstract principle to a calculation of economic possibilities. In 1929 Clemenceau was still thinking in 1918 terms. He was still passionately sure of Germany's exclusive and complete responsibility for the war; positive that the German revolution was "mere window-dressing," and that the Germans were still deceitful Huns, a menace to the peace of Europe. The outstanding phenomenon of 1929 Europe, to his inflamed eyes, was that "Germany was arming, France was disarming." He died a disappointed man, sorry for France because she had left him alone in his old age and had turned to weaker leaders who had undone his great work.

In the darkest days of the war this man had indeed that "stubborn will to win" whose lack in Haig and Pétain he deplored. But in peace time—even in war, one may believe—that is not enough. One turns the last page of this sometimes eloquent, often pungent, almost always petty book with a sense of relief that France so soon relieved Europe of the incubus of such a man of hate.

LEWIS S. GANNETT

At the Bottom

Bottom Dogs. By Edward Dahlberg. With an Introduction by D. H. Lawrence. Simon and Schuster. $2.50.

THIS is a hard book. It grows out of the rough pavement of the meaner streets in our Mid-Western cities. It is not dramatic; not about hobos or criminals or sporting characters. It is about bottom dogs, youngsters like Lorry, whose mother has established the Star Ladies' Barber Shop in a poor section of Kansas City. Lorry runs about in the streets until his mother decides it is best for him to be sent to an orphan asylum in Cleveland. He enters the home when he is twelve and stays there five years. We learn a great deal about this home, which seems not to have been worse than the average place of the kind (which is bad enough), and a lot about the other boys there.

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After Lorry gets out he hangs around Cleveland for a while, then goes back to his mother in Kansas City. He seems to be getting nowhere. Finally he rides the rods to the Coast. American life on Lorry's level is surely the crassest form of life known to man. In this novel there are no lurid scenes, no extraordinary pictures of depravity, cruelty, or crime. But the whole is raw and hideous—and true. Except for the last chapters about the Los Angeles Y.M.C.A. and its hangers-on and Solomon's Dance Palace, in which the writing is jazzed up, the book is written in a stale, flat, back-alley Americanese—an ugly argot. There is a lot of meaningless foul talk which, however, is important, for it tremendously enhances the realism. D. H. Lawrence writes an interesting preface. In it one feels both the fascination and the revulsion with which a sensitive spirit, himself once a boy of the laboring class in the Old World, views this admirably perfected photograph of a portion of the American scene. But like so many American novels, of both high and low degree, it is a novel about a background.

FRED T. MARSH

Music

Young Mr. Purcell

THE very early spring, shining, keen, a little bare, touched with the sadness of things young, clothed itself in sound not long ago when the Friends of Music finished their season at the Mecca Temple with "Dido and Aeneas." It was written in 1690 by a man of thirty-two for a young ladies' seminary in a London still fresh with the great winds of the Elizabethan springtime.

Mr. Bodanzky, with the penetration into the central spirit of whatever he conducts which usually characterizes his readings, had felt and understood those winds. Under his direction the work unfolded like a veritable banner of youth, high-colored with the robust patterns of the choruses or brocaded with the delicate supple lines of the arias. It *lived* from beginning to end. The secret of such vitality in performance is notoriously elusive, but this time it arose from very subtle modulations in tempo and dynamic. The larger dynamic curves and the larger rhythmic designs were never distorted, but their lines were slightly and constantly varied. The regulation of this inner pulse seems to be the interpreter's chief task. If none exists the performance becomes an anatomical survey of a musical corpse; if it beats too strongly hysteria results.

Mesdames Telva and Flexer and Mr. Schlegel brought to their roles sincerity and much beauty of tone, though the latter's production was marred by a shake which sometimes left one in doubt as to the exact pitch. Mr. Meader made up in fine legato singing and excellent diction what he lacked in fire—a criticism perhaps unmerited, since the Trojan prince seems to have been distastefully cautious. Mme Matzenauer's voice and musicianship realized entirely the range of emotion and the great musical beauty of the Dido. Her When I Am Laid in Earth, the tragic and moving song which Bach incorporated into the St. Matthew Passion, stirred the audience profoundly.

Thus projected Purcell's music produced something of the amazement of a miracle. Here is a score written over two centuries ago by a man who died at thirty-seven and was even isolated from the most significant musical developments of his time. He may have been curtailed as well by the exigencies of a new form, for this was the first "opera" in English. He was certainly limited by the harmonic palette of the seventeenth century, a mere sheaf of accepted colors if compared with the iridescent nuances, the all-permitted tonal combinations of the modern

The Six Most Fatal Diseases

From Figures by U. S. Census.

All Causes of Death	100%
1. Heart Diseases	17.24%
2. Pneumonia	8.13%
3. Cancer	7.96%
4. Nephritis (*Kidney Diseases*)	7.88%
5. Cerebral Hemorrhage and Softening	7.22%
6. Tuberculosis	6.57%

"Most Prolific Source of Dangerous Disease"

—Dr. Foges, Rudolfinerhaus Hospital, Vienna

THE 28 feet of human intestine, says the famous head of the great Vienna Clinic, is the most prolific source of dangerous disease. He states that 90% of civilized women over 25 years and men above 35 suffer from Intestinal Stasis (Constipation) in some form.

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see pages 500, iii and iv

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Drama

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FRITZ LEIBER'S King Lear was the most unsatisfactory of his performances. The play is probably the most difficult of the Shakespearean tragedies, and no matter how vigorously Mr. Leiber vociferated he never once succeeded in convincing the audience that his passion rose to a height which would justify the wildness of the words he was called upon to utter. And yet, inadequate as the interpretation was, the rule that any performance of a Shakespearean play is likely to reveal values unnoticed in the study held even here, and I confess that I had never before caught the full force of certain of the scenes or realized the extent to which it is true that in this play the poet not only anticipates the utterance of the completest nihilism ever achieved by a Strindberg or an Andreyev, but anticipates also even their method of expression. For if the scene on the heath—the scene in which the maddened Lear discusses the universe with a naked man and a fool—were written today, critics would surely not let it pass without some reference to both Russian gloom and the technique of expressionism.

When Lear, come to his dotage, renounces the power which had served to protect him from knowledge of things as they are, he experiences first of all the depth of human ingratitude, and he realizes that what he had hitherto supposed to be virtue was in fact no more than avarice and fear. Appalled by his discovery, he renounces his kindred and, not yet wholly disillusioned, he goes forth to discover what kind of peace a plain man can make with the natural world. But the scene on the heath reveals the utter failure of his quest. Wisdom, embodied in the Fool, reveals her impotence and is reduced to offering the cold comfort of cynicism. Inanimate nature, whom some, even before Rousseau and Wordsworth, had imagined as a kind mother, shows her solicitude by pouring down rain upon them and crashing her thunder above their defenseless heads. There remains only the innate dignity of the creature man, but the nakedness of Poor Tom reveals clearly enough how much that amounts to when the forked radish is brought to the final test. "What is your study?" demands Lear. "How to prevent the fiend and to kill vermin," answers Tom, and that, no doubt, is the whole duty of man, for the phrase means, I take it, how to achieve both peace of mind and peace of body. But the scene in which the words are spoken reveals how utterly the whole company has failed to do either. Lear has appealed in turn to each of the three abstractions in which it is possible for man to have faith—to Wisdom, to Nature, and to Man. All

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The Locked Door—Beg. Apr. 19—Little Carnegie.
"Die Braut Nr. 68"—55th St. Playhouse—E. of Seventh Ave.
The Doctor's Secret—Beg. Apr. 17—Little Picture House—E. 50th St.
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three have failed him, and so, while the elements seem to join him in his imprecations, he curses God. There is no principle of good upon which the human being can count.

If the scene says anything it says that man can believe in the goodness of the universe only so long as he is not compelled to contemplate it; that he may have faith while he lives in an artificially constructed world which seems to be governed by love and loyalty and duty, but that the structure is a fragile one likely to collapse at any moment as Lear's world has collapsed. It is made up of illusions; it is founded, in part at least, upon a misapprehension of the motives of such people as Goneril and Regan whose hypocrisy reassures such people as Lear. And when it does collapse it leaves those who have taken temporary refuge there lost in that anarchy of the heath to which nature is always tending to return.

Shakespeare, to be sure, saves himself (as he always does) from the madness which this way lies by a partial retraction. The very nature of tragedy as he writes it demands that some kind of order shall be reestablished; that something shall be salvaged from the wreck of human lives with which the tragedy deals. And it is, of course, Cordelia who performs this function. She is lost even at the moment when she is found again, but she does not die until she has restored to Lear his faith that goodness may exist—just as Desdemona does not die until she has given back to Othello the faith without which his death would have been intolerable. But whatever the scope of this retraction may be, it is not made until after Shakespeare has said all that can be said in defense of the belief that darkness rather than light is the ruling principle of the universe, and until, moreover, he has set forth the argument by means of a technique peculiarly "modern." Surely the scene on the heath is the inspiration of all the Walpurgis nights of literature, from that of "Faust" down to those of "Ulysses" and "Antic Hay." Surely also the fact is one which might profitably be remembered by those who believe Shakespeare outmoded, as well as by those conservatives who find only a distressing kind of insanity both in what some of the moderns say and in the way they say it. It is not only to men of the twentieth century that, in the words of a recent poet, "life has bared her bones."

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Gandhi's Campaign Begins

By HERBERT ADOLPHUS MILLER

Bombay, March 15

I HAVE just spent three days at Gandhi's ashram, sharing all its activities, as the climax to five exciting and interesting weeks in India. During my five weeks I talked with missionaries, Englishmen, and Indian leaders of many religious faiths and political thought, Hindu, Moslem, Christian, and Parsee, liberal and radical. All agreed that there are only two real forces in India—the government and Gandhi.

I arrived at the ashram, a combined school and religious retreat, at the very moment when the ultimatum was being delivered to the Viceroy. The atmosphere was electric, as might have been expected at the general headquarters of an avowed army of revolution, but controlled, fearless, and confident. With this ascetic self-discipline I could not help contrasting the government at Delhi, housed in extravagance and surrounded by pomp and secrecy. Here in the ashram was a monastic life without secrets. Its messenger, carrying a declaration of war, was being sent on a fifty-hour trip third class. This messenger was a young English Quaker, expressly chosen to be a constant reminder to Gandhi that he himself has no hatred against Englishmen.

Gandhi was in the best of health and spirits, running and skipping with the children on his daily walk, and on all occasions full of laughter and banter. He has girded his loins for the battle of his life to arouse and free India; he has absolute confidence that the final outcome will be victory. When I asked him how large was his following he said that he did not know, but it was necessary to start in order to find out. He likened his efforts to arouse the people to a surgeon applying a blister to make a cure, always with the possibility that he may kill instead.

In reply to the claim that India has benefited by English rule, he said that there was no doubt that the British had done many good things—the hospitals, for example—though these good things reached only a microscopic per cent of those needing them and could not make up for the killing of self-reliance and the impoverishment of the masses. To the claim that only the government is able to preserve peace between Hindu and Moslem, Gandhi answered that the two religions had got on harmoniously before the English came. When the Mohammedans had shown a tendency to draw away, naturally the English had seized upon this divergence and stimulated it, on the principle of "divide and rule." "Hindus must be developed to such a point of self-control that the Moslems can have no fear," said Gandhi.

Mr. Gandhi, as is his custom, was sitting on the floor spinning during our interview. As I took my leave I said: "In wishing you success I do not know whether to express the hope that you will or will not be arrested." He laughed heartily and said: "It makes no difference; either is good. There will always be others to carry on, and the work will never stop." At evening prayer, with all the members of the ashram sitting on the ground around him, Mr. Gandhi read the list of those who had volunteered to go out in the first group on March 12. There were many questions about details from the audience. They were met with witty repartee by Mr. Gandhi and called forth bursts of laughter, but I could hardly keep back the tears. Before four o'clock the next day all had enrolled except a few men whose responsibilities in the ashram made it necessary for them to remain. The women were disappointed at not being allowed to go. Mr. Gandhi said the presence of women might embarrass the English and thereby make the fight unfair.

The work of preparing the men for the march and the women for taking over the men's work in the ashram was begun at once. I overheard an older man telling a younger one how to behave in jail and how to throw himself between the warring factions in case violence should break out. He was as matter of fact as though he had been giving directions for taking a journey.

Mr. Patel, the accepted first lieutenant of Mr. Gandhi and the brother of the president of the National Assembly, was arrested the last day we were at the ashram. As the police car approached, the members of the ashram lined up on both sides of the road. Mr. Patel burst out laughing and said: "I had expected to be the last to be arrested and here I am the first." He was loaded with garlands and given cotton to spin and then went on to the prison a mile beyond. This arrest was like "the shot heard round the world." Thousands flocked to the ashram, filling the four miles of dusty country road from Ahmedabad and camping by the gates of the ashram. The next day Ahmedabad declared a hartal (cessation of activities) and in the evening 60,000 persons gathered on the bank of the river to hear Gandhi's call to arms.

This call to arms was perhaps the most remarkable call to war that has ever been made. The dominant notes were non-violence, non-hatred, self-discipline, and sacrifice, fearlessness and persistence to the end. On the same day students at universities throughout India went on strike to continue until the day of the march. The casual observer could not fail to feel the complete absence of fear among all those who had committed themselves to the battle. There was much speculation as to whether the march would be allowed to begin, since its openly avowed purpose was to proceed to the sea and begin civil disobedience by illegally making salt as a protest against the iniquitous salt tax. But the march did begin at six-thirty on the day appointed. At eight-thirty in the morning, at a mass-meeting of youth in Bombay, I heard it reported that Gandhi had marched three miles with 125,000 people following. In the actual group there were seventy-two volunteers.

By the time this letter reaches New York Gandhi should have begun his work. The English are on the horns of a dilemma. They cannot overlook civil disobedience, but the arrest of Gandhi will take away the only man who can prevent violence. When he is arrested groups all over India are prepared to take up the work of civil disobedience, and the order has been issued for a general hartal for the day.

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Gandhi's greatest strength is among the masses in the villages, in whose eyes he is a saint. The liberals and the intellectuals think it is better to strive for dominion status, although many of them are working heart and soul with Gandhi. There is vivid recollection of the methods of violence used successfully in Ireland, so that there is not complete unanimity about the use of non-violence. Many told me that they thought the first reprisals on the part of the government would be followed by sporadic outbursts of violence. They were not convinced that this would not be a good thing. One of the most prominent Indians in the government told me that it might take 200,000 Indian lives to 2,000 English lives, but that the Indians could afford their loss, while the loss of 2,000 important men would demoralize the government. Even the most convinced followers of Mr. Gandhi assume this outbreak of violence.

Jawaharlal Nehru, president of the National Congress which at Lahore in December declared for independence, is one of the closest workers with Mr. Gandhi, though he differs from him widely. The younger Nehru, a Brahman who lives in his father's palace, is an uncompromising Socialist, and thinks that all religion hampers progress. He radiates sincerity and faces the prospect of jail with the same fearless calm as Gandhi. He agreed with me that some guaranty to minority groups would help allay internal conflicts, but he had been unable to interest Gandhi in it for the reason I have given above. When I was in Delhi a conference was actually going on at which there were representatives of the divergent groups. No one expected much from it except an indication of purpose.

No one knows what policy the government will pursue. On the surface it does not seem worried. I heard the budget presented by the Finance Minister and noticed the remark that no allowances had been made for expenses in the event of civil disobedience or other disorders, though it was implied that there might be such disturbances. The Associated Press representative said that the call for news about India from England had multiplied many times in the past two months. The English press in India gives the news of the movement in detail, but is trying to belittle it with ridicule.

While I can make no prophecy as to immediate developments I am convinced that the Indians have actually started on the road from which they will not turn aside until independence is secured.

Contributors to This Issue

FREDERIC BABCOCK is a Chicago journalist.

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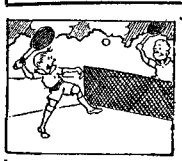

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Thursday, April 24
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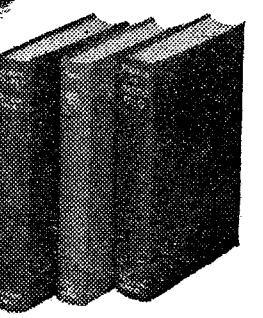

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